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JOSIE M. DAVIDSON

HER LIFE AND WORK



Josie M. Davidson

The Author

JOSIE M. DAVIDSON

HER LIFE AND WORK

BY HERSELF

Davidson, Josephine Martin
"



1922

MRS. A. J. DAVIDSON

PRESTONSBURG, KY.

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Printed and Bound in the
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IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE
I DEDICATE THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY
TO MY NIECE

MRS. O. P. POWERS

OF ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

1922

PREFACE

This Autobiography aims to combine the real features of a history of my home life, my domestic life, and my travels, with the interest of the changes through it all. All these incidents are drawn from my own life. The history is founded strictly upon facts. This narrative, simple as it is, I hope will serve to give to my friends and relatives, who may read this, a true sketch of my every-day life. I have chronicled these events of my life's history with the intention of having the Autobiography printed and published.

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JOSIE M. DAVIDSON

HER LIFE AND WORK

CHAPTER I.

For some time I have had uppermost in my mind, thoughts that I would, at some future time, write and have published, a history of my life just as I have lived, without exaggeration or without a bit of fiction mingled in it, from my earliest recollection to the present time.

Near Jonesville, in Lee County, Virginia, I am told I first beheld the light of day May the 7th, 1857, my father, Park Martin, being one of a family of nine boys and only one sister. My mother's name, before her marriage to my father, was Sally Graybeal. Anything else in regard to my mother I know but very little. She had one sister who outlived her and I think perhaps she had two brothers who died early in life. My great uncle, whose name, if I mistake not, was Boyd Dickerson, he being the family physician when I was born, said my name must be Josephine, after the great and noble Empress whose life and history he greatly admired. I have always been very fond as well as proud of my name; I not only think it very pretty but

I admire it too, because I have admired her life and noble character. Of the first year of my existence in Virginia, I know comparatively nothing. My parents being dissatisfied and feeling that they might do better, especially from a financial standpoint, they emigrated to Kentucky, following an older brother of my father (named John Preston Martin), to Floyd County. I was at that time one year of age. I was the second child of my parents that was living, my sister being nearly five years my senior. My father, mother, sister and myself then constituted our entire family, locating two miles above Prestonsburg, on a farm at the mouth of Bull Creek, which empties into the Big Sandy River. The farm is situated along the river on one side and surrounded by tall mountains and the creek. As I recall it nothing very attractive with the exception of the picturesque mountains. A small knoll, just above the house, with a few graves and a chestnut tree standing upon the side of the small knoll, which never refused to bear its fruit in its season. Sister Lavina and I loved to haunt the woods, and the nooks, and crannies in our childhood glee. Now and then to the creek we found much amusement playing in the sand, where the water tinkled over the tiny pebbles, and there in the cool shadows of the trees with the water of the stream bubbling underneath our little bare feet, and the woodthrush singing over our heads, those were happy days for us.

We were living on this farm when the Civil War broke out. Trying times we had then. There were

periods when food was very scarce and no way of procuring any for days. The citizens oftentimes went hungry though we never suffered very much; we had enough, but a very rough diet sometimes. One bright Spring day, I recall to my mind, our mother had gone to a nearby neighbor's for some purpose and left sister and me alone. A poor soldier came tour home and asked us if we could fix him a lunch. We caught a young frying size chicken and sister dressed it and fried it; we also gathered some vegetables and cooked him a very nice meal for two children of our size. She was always a fine cook and is at the present day although the weight of years is fast creeping up on her. He gave us a green back dollar and pulled up his sleeve, showing us his name that was tattooed on his arm, and said: "Little girls, if you ever see me again you will know me by this." How often I have wished that I could remember his name. I really believe if I should ever see him, I should know him for his gentlemanly face was so impressed upon my childish mind. However, we both were very proud of our new dollar, and to know we made it ourselves.

During those dreadful days my father sold some cattle, which brought no small sum of money. At that time there were no banks or safe places to deposit money, consequently it had to be hidden away some place about the premises. One night, a short time after the cattle sale, a band of guerrillas broke into our home and at the point of their guns demanded the money. There was, of course, nothing else he could do but

render it up or die. They were dressed in Federal uniform. Quite a number of other cases similar to that of my father's were committed in the surrounding country.

Though a very small child how well I remember hearing the firing of guns and the booming of the cannon while the battle of Middle Creek was being fought, in which General Garfield was in command of the Federal Army and General Humphrey, Marshall, Williams and Colonel Jack May in command of the Confederate forces. I don't think either side gained much of a victory. Of course we all are aware of the fact that General Garfield, years afterwards, became our President. He owned a tract of land adjoining Prestonsburg on the North side, on which some of the dwellings of our town are now built. This tract of land was still in his possession at the time of his death, after which my first husband bought an interest in the same.

My father, who it seemed was a sort of "Rolling Stone," concluded to make another move, and to Johnson County went to try his luck. Johnson joins Floyd County. I shall later on have occasion to refer to Bull Creek again before this volume is finished. We made the move in the Fall of '64, which was a bad change for him and also the family, for my father at once took typhoid fever, soon after the change of home, and in December early, I think it was, he passed away into the great unknown leaving my poor mother with her three little helpless children on the

mercy of the world. As my baby brother had been added to the family, he being one year of age, and about five years younger than myself, my mother struggled as best she could through that winter. That dreadful war was not quite at an end which made it doubly hard for her to pull through. The country at that time was in a terrible condition. However, the coming Spring, in April, 1865, she gave way under the heavy burden, and left the earth for a better, and happier home, "where the weary are at rest." Her death was quite sudden—heart failure carried her off in a few hours. Her life work had been so pure and holy that Angels hovered around her and accompanied her immortal spirit to the home beyond. Her only sister, who was then a widow, came on from Missouri. She, however, had been with my mother a month or more before she went away and believing she could keep the little ones together, made an effort but soon discovered she was not equal to the great undertaking, and gave it up, discovering that the support of a family at that critical period required considerably more than the meager means at her disposal.

To return to my father's brother, John P. Martin, who lived in Prestonsburg, and died two years prior to the death of my father. His widow and her three children (all grown), on being notified of my mother's death, sent for us. Her daughter, at that time a widow and the oldest of her family, Mary Martin Trimble, came on to Paintsville, the County Seat of Johnson County, to look after our interest. My

mother's sister said she could keep house and take care of us but I said to her that I was going home with my cousin Mary (which I did), and it was only a very short time until she made the discovery that I was right, leaving sister Lavina and brother Willie with her, thus giving her the trial at it.

CHAPTER II.

My uncle's widow, Elizabeth Lackey Martin, her son, Alex L. Martin, and Mousie L. Martin, her eldest daughter, that I have just written about, a widow with her two boys, Malcolm and James Trimble, comprised her family at that time (I being a later addition). My cousin Mary came to Paintsville on horseback, which at that time was the best way for traveling over the rough roads. We left the town of Paintsville quite early in the morning as there was a long, tiresome trip on horseback. I being a small child and riding behind means something of a fatiguing nature. It was in the month of April, when the early wild flowers were in bloom; the forest trees putting forth their green foliage and all nature being resurrected from its long lethargy. The little ripples were tinkling with Spring sound, wayside songs of the robins, meadow larks, and the cheery song of the sparrow; here and there a chime of cow bells, all blending into the steady rime of the water as it ran down the little ravines on the hillsides over the rocks below, altogether presenting a very charming scene. I, of course, in my childish fashion, saw it and took it in with the interest and huge delight so natural to children, and the change of scenes with me was of a very exciting nature.

Many and amusing were the questions I put to my cousin on the journey, but she, good soul, did not seem to object to answering them. All my natural life, when I do not know, or realize what a thing is or what the meaning might be I make an effort to learn, even if it is to the amusement of the one questioned, or to display my ignorance to a degree, and I don't yet think it a very bad idea, for if we do not make an effort to be enlightened in things we will never know.

My cousin had an old acquaintance who lived about midway between Prestonsburg and Paintsville, who was very sick. She stopped to see her for a short time and we had a rest. I, of course, in my childish way was taking all things in that were being presented to my view, so the ride of twelve miles came to an end in the afternoon. They all gave me a kind welcome. I will here mention my uncle, John P. Martin (who was the father of those cousins) had been elected a number of times to Congress, and at one time came in a fraction of a vote of being nominated for Vice-President of the United States, on the Democratic ticket). The reception of welcome that was given me at the time of our arrival was much appreciated, especially the kind and oft recalled incident by my dearest Cousin Mousie, who in after years was more than a cousin,—she really made herself a dear and affectionate sister to me. It was the first time I had ever seen her. She kissed me affectionately and remarked, "This is the first time you ever saw your

Cousin Mousie." How my little heart swelled with real pleasure! Just to know there was one who loved me in that new home.

The same afternoon a number of little girls came in to see me, as little girls usually do when a strange child comes into a community. I will here give the names of some of them, because they figure to an extent in my life's records. Four were nieces of my Aunt Elizabeth, Sallie, Alice, Josie, and Anna Davidson; little chum of theirs, Mollie Friend, and Anna Porter, also a number of others, I cannot remember their names at the present time to mention. These have been my lifelong friends and all are at the present time, still living but one, Anna Davidson. (However, she lived to be twice married and died rather young.) How well I remember that afternoon we all went out in the large green grassy lawn to play! All of a sudden a feeling of loneliness came over me; the sad thought of my mother being gone and that I never again could see her this side of eternity almost crushed my heart. I began to realize that I had lost something that I never could regain. I burst into a flood of tears; as soon as that spasm of grief was over, which tears only can relieve, I was again playing. My new found friends appeared to be very sorry for me and tried to comfort me in many little kindnesses which I have never forgotten. Naturally I was of a sunny disposition and full of pranks and fun; always planning and plotting something of a mischievous nature. But the sadness and heartaches that I have come in contact with

in my later life has blotted all that out and at times a melancholy comes over me that nothing but communing with my Lord will take the gloom away.

The Fall of 1865 I entered my first school. If I remember correctly the length of the free schools lasted five months; the teacher's name was Mrs. Julia Morrisson, a widow, without children. I was much pleased with my beginning school days, all so new to me, and soon learned to love my teacher very much. Those were happy days. I soon learned to read in my primer and to spell nicely. That was much encouragement. The end of the school came and with regret, too. The teacher, at the closing of the session, made up her mind she did not wish to continue that kind of a vocation in life, became a little romantic, and got married again on a Big Sandy Steamboat, as it was running down the river, to Mr. Will Yates of Louisa, Ky. They still live there, and I occasionally saw her until last winter she, too, passed away, leaving husband and their several children.

Back to my aunt; she too soon awoke to the fact that she must give up her plans as it was too much for her to raise two children and my sister soon followed me on to Prestonsburg and found a home with me which was a delight, to have her with me, but my little brother did not come. A gentleman and his wife, living in Paintsville, who had no children of their own, insisted on taking my baby brother and raising him just as their own. This was a sad movement or occurrence to me. I did not think it best to separate us;

after much meditation and tears I at last made up my mind to be satisfied with the inevitable and it turned out all right in after years. They were kind to him, and to the very best of their ability raised him to be a man and in their old days they had him to lean upon for many years and the sacrifice that we had to make in living without him we were fully repaid upon seeing what a great source of pleasure and real comfort he was to them in their declining years. He grew to manhood making a fine lawyer and a splendid Christian gentleman of whom I am proud to-day. When I was eleven years of age, my cousin, Mary Trimble, was again married to a gentleman from Alabama, a lawyer, who had been a Major in the Confederate Army, James Armstrong, they going to Missouri to live. For a while I was very lonely without my little boy cousins, Malcolm and James. When I was twelve years old my sister, Lavina, married (a church wedding) Mr. Ed. Ford. This almost crushed me as I regretted so much to give her up. (Thus the home was thinning out.) They have always lived in Prestonsburg.

In my early life I united with the Methodist Church South and have, ever since, lived a staunch Methodist and have, to the very best of my ability, tried to live a consistent Christian life. The shortcomings that have befallen me have been more of the "head than the heart." Anyway, the weakness of the human body is sometimes stronger than the spiritual strength. Nevertheless I have lived the very best I could and have attempted, in my weak way, to do my duty to

my church, my friends and my God. To know and feel these truths is a comforting thought to me, although thoughts sometimes rush to me that I might have done more in my Master's cause but all the human family no doubt fall short.

Well, as time wore on, with nothing of much interest to think of, I attended the public schools, when I could get the time to go. I was kept busy learning to sew, cook and all else that must be done in a home. My aunt believed in making all around her learn to work and that time was not made to waste; that it was too precious. This training has been a great benefit to me in all these years. However, I have felt the need of a broader and a more practical education. Opportunities that the young people of to-day have, I was denied.

In the meantime my Cousin, Alex L. Martin, married Miss Nannie Brown, daughter of Mr. G. N. Brown of Catlettsburg, Kentucky, a lawyer of some distinction and afterwards Circuit Judge of our District. She was fine looking, having a very handsome and attractive face, a stately figure and gracious manners with intellect and accomplishments. He was handsome, brilliant, educated; in fact his intelligence and his educational advantages were unsurpassed.

By this time I was beginning to believe I was growing to be quite a young lady. In October, 1874, my dear Cousin Mousie made up her mind that she would marry and had a very pretty home wedding with a number of invited guests. The lucky young man was

Captain J. C. Hopkins of Tazewell, Virginia. He was handsome beyond the ordinary. This was a sad occurrence for me for I much regretted to give her up. As I grew older a great desire for teaching school seized me. I thought I must qualify myself for a vocation in life; the more I thought on the subject of teaching the more anxious I became. I pressed hard in my studies, in fact put my time in that I could have away from the home work, and did, I thought, my best to be able to obtain a good certificate, which in that day and time was the important factor in obtaining a first class school. At that time the school laws were not very stringent; it did not require any fixed age for teaching; just so the teacher was in possession of a first class first grade certificate, it made no special difference as to age. I was seventeen when I made application for examination, was examined and was given a first class first grade certificate. I sure was puffed up at my success. I really felt that I was "monarch of all I surveyed." I fell to thinking and planning for my future teaching; the manner in which I should each day open and close the session. These and other devised intentions were all concocted for future interest and benefits for my schools. Well, these "air castles" fluttered high! The more I thought, the more anxious I became. I believed when I was a public school teacher that then I would have reached the "height of my glory." Then, too, when the Teacher's Institute was in session how important I should feel when the roll of teachers was called to have my

name on the list. The more I pondered over the coming event the more elated I became, or a better suited term, the more "puffed up" I was. With my certificate now in my possession I was then ready to begin to climb my "Ladder of fame." A public school-teacher, indeed! For fear I should forget to mention it I will state here that I still have in my scrap book the wonderful certificate. I have all through these years kept it as a gentle reminder "That chickens should not be counted until the eggs are hatched," or in the language of Solomon, "Answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceit." As a souvenir it has been one of much amusement to me. I return to my school subject again. At the time all the desirable schools that were near home had been taken before I obtained my certificate, but there happened to be one District in the County that had not yet employed a teacher and it was about thirteen miles from home and upon Johns Creek, at the mouth of a branch called Brushy Creek. One of the trustees, an old gentleman, had by some way heard of me and that I held the certificate that the law required for a first class school. The law at that time, and perhaps yet, requires three trustees for each school district. So the old gentleman came down to Prestonsburg and employed me as teacher for that school. I was overwhelmed with delight! My ambition had now reached its zenith and now I was about to realize its glory—my brain was all in a whirl. I could scarcely wait for the time to arrive for the old gentleman to bring the promised

horse for me to ride up to take charge of the school, so anxious I was to begin my school duties. On a bright Sunday morning he came, bringing with him the horse that I was to ride. Oh! what joy. I soon packed my clothes that were needful, the books, papers and then I was all ready for the long ride. I bade all good-by, mounted the horse and, by the side of the old gentleman, rode away. The farther up the creek we went the higher the mountains loomed up to my view and the valley looked very narrow. No outlet except the rough, rocky road that followed the water course which winds its way for miles, to find its exit into the Big Sandy River. This scene, I will admit, was not a very pleasing prospect for a five months' sojourn. I, of course, had no other idea than that I could stay at the least a month before thinking of returning home for a visit. We arrived in the afternoon at the home of the old gentleman where I was to board, at \$1.00 per week. I found them to be nice, good and hospitable people. The gentleman was very old, but had married a young woman, apparently very much younger than himself, perhaps twenty or twenty-five years. They had three children, the oldest a pretty, bright girl of about thirteen years of age. As I remember the other two were boys, and these children were to be my scholars. The cottage, situated on the upper side of the road, consisted of four rooms, two bedrooms, a dining room and small kitchen, and all were spotlessly clean. Supper being announced I took the place assigned me. As twilight came on and

the coming darkness threw a gloom over me, a loneliness crept over me. I began then to feel that I had been elated too soon; that it might not be as pleasant to teach a country school as I had anticipated. However, I said my prayers and retired, hoping by the dawn of day that feeling of loneliness might disappear altogether. The next morning I was up with the family and after the breakfast was served we were in a bustle getting ready for the two-mile walk to the schoolhouse. Our dinner prepared and put in a pail, then we were off, the three children, their father and myself, ready for the duties of the day. By the time the two-mile walk had ended I must confess I was about tired out. The log schoolhouse was not a very inviting structure. Thoughts something like this came into my mind: Can I walk four miles and teach all day as I had heretofore planned in my "Castle building"? I opened school by reading the first chapter of Genesis. From observation I saw it would not be a bad idea to give these scripture readings often as it seemed to be very much needed as well as school books. The old gentleman said he was pleased with the way I had commenced. I arranged my classes which consumed the most of the morning and commenced with twenty-two or three pupils. At twelve o'clock all were ready for the noon-day lunch but me. I was beginning to feel as though I could never eat another bite. A huge lump seemed to rise in my throat. A peculiar feeling ran over me that I could never describe. I felt as though I was lost in a wilderness with no one near me. Homesickness

had overwhelmed me. I never had such a despondent feeling in all my life. They insisted upon me eating, but not a mouthful could I eat. There was a man who had taught the school for several successive Falls and wanted it again. He happened to be there at the noon-day hour, I presume to see how the new teacher was getting on with the school, or perhaps some other motive may have prompted him. I overheard him say, "A woman cannot manage these rude boys." That was sufficient to give me an opportunity to give vent to my pent up tears. I burst into a flood of weeping and told him as far as I was concerned he could have the school, with the permission of the trustees, if they only would let me off for I did not believe I could stand to stay, I was so very homesick. They tried in every persuasive manner to have me keep it. They were very kind-hearted men and let their sympathy get the better of them and through pity let me off. However, at one o'clock I again took up books and finished the day with a feeling of relief and then, that long, hot July day came to an end, and so did my high aspirations. Alas! over went my high-blown pride. It had at length broken under me. My "Air castles" were blown to the breeze and floated from my vision into open space. That bright Sunday morning that I left home with such bright visions, the tender leaves of hope that had put forth, and early Monday morning the bloom had opened and at once commenced to fade, and at night fell the killing frost. My vain pomp and glory had fallen. After the closing of the school, we

returned to the house. I must not forget to give the name of these good, kind people, Mr. and Mrs. Fraley. She very much regretted to have me give up the school and remarked that she did regret that she had not been able to make for me some "sweet bread and pies." I then felt that I was the loser of those good things to eat; the real fact of the matter I did not give the good woman time.

CHAPTER III.

From the proceedings of the Teachers' Institute as printed in the paper that Fall, I clipped the roll of teachers' names, mine being in the list. I have carefully kept it in my scrap book all these years to again remind me that, "Vain glory blossoms and brings no fruit," and that I should beware of egotistical ambition not to let it get away with my better judgment. Ambition is all right if developed in the right manner and that experience sometimes is a good lesson and from it I learned that if I had any sense at all and if I had known the law those trustees could have held me to the job. They were a kind-hearted people and only through sympathy they let me off so lightly, and also another teacher there just ready to step into my place. So that experience might have proved a little detrimental to the position I was in at that time had they not been full of pity for my homesick attitude.

Well, I got off well. When I returned to my home I was twitted to the full extent about my childish freak and I justly deserved all I got. For quite a while I was very humble and silent on the school subject. In fact I desired it to be forgotten as a "Dead leaf of a forest, of a long forgotten year." As to the thought of giving publicity to my "Air Castle Building," it would have been foreign to my mind at that time. The

memory of that episode though somewhat ludicrous is amusing to me now. In fact the incident although somewhat humiliating to me was a source of fun for my associates.

Cousin Mousie, who had married the year prior to my episode, had located at Catlettsburg, had gone to housekeeping and wrote me to come down and visit her. I made ready for the trip and was soon off, the river being in fine steamboat tide. That was the first time I had ever been in Catlettsburg and I was having a most delightful visit when our bachelor Uncle, Morgan Lackey, who for years had been a merchant in Prestonsburg (he was my Aunt Elizabeth's brother and had always boarded in her home; he usually went to Cincinnati two or three times each year to purchase his stock of store goods), came down in the Spring as usual. He had to stay a day in Catlettsburg waiting for the five o'clock packet coming down from Pittsburgh, en route for Cincinnati. He came up to Cousin Mousie's home to spend his leisure hours in waiting. An idea occurred to me that I might be able to persuade him to take me with him so I gave him a broad hint. I had never been in a large city. He pretended to take no notice of the hint until just time enough for me, in a hurried manner, to get ready, then said to me, "If I was going to the city with him it was time I should be getting my belongings that were necessary for me to have on the trip, together." I certainly did get in a hurry sure enough and with the assistance of my Cousin Mousie, I was soon ready for the journey. I was

very much elated with the thought and a trip to Cincinnati at that day and time meant something. By the time the steamer *Potomac* landed at the wharf I was there ready to board it. The *Potomac* was the largest steamboat I had ever been on. Those large steamers were very attractive and pretty. There were, at that time, no railroads near Catlettsburg, consequently all traveling and traffic had to be done by way of steamboats, both on the Ohio and Big Sandy rivers. Of course, it was, and is yet, a most delightful mode of traveling. In the Springtime when the Ohio River is at high tide, it is a very swift and restless torrent, at that time, but for its innumerable bends. Along the whole course hills, steep, picturesque and lofty, rise almost from the bed of the river and pour their little mountain streams headlong into it when the heavy rain falls or the snow melts. For hundreds of miles this pretty river winds and coils itself among those ever varying, seldom receding hills, skirted by a narrow fringe of bottom land. The steamer *Potomac* floated out on the waters of this pretty river like a gem of beauty on the fair bosom of the current, while the golden sunlight fell upon its waters, making a pretty scene, just before its setting, behind the Western hills. The Ohio and Kentucky hills, the river flowing between, surely present to view to the observer a picturesque scene. And to me it was one of great beauty and of much interest as it was the first trip I had ever been fortunate enough to take on this river. Those large steamers are always well equipped for

everything that is necessary to make a voyage pleasant. Everything that is tempting to eat and the very best cooks that can be procured. In fact, at the present day when the traveler is not pressed for time it is a most pleasant mode of traveling. A fine trip I had. We landed at the wharf some time before noon the following day, took a cab and drove up, stopping at the Burnet House, that being the hotel at which my uncle always lodged. What a wonderful big hotel, I thought! I had never been in one half so large. Cincinnati was then lighted by gas. That was all new to me too. The bell button was to me quite a curiosity. Just how the bell boy could answer so soon after the button was pressed. However, I was cautious not to make any breaks and make a display of my ignorance any more than I could help for my uncle was full of fun and always trying to get a joke on some one, and I was well aware of the fact if he succeeded I would get my share. I would have been twitted to the full extent and I had enough in my school freak. I came off astonishingly well by guarding my every movement and my questions closely. We found stopping at the same hotel Colonel and Mrs. Northup from Louisa; also Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell from Catlettsburg. At the Gibson House Mr. and Mrs. Richmond from Prestonsburg. That was indeed quite a pleasant surprise to me to find those friends from my home town. Each day Mrs. Richmond came to the Burnet House to be with us, while Mr. Richmond and the other gentlemen were out in the city attending to their business affairs, Mr. Richmond

and Uncle Morgan buying their spring stock of store goods. We ladies were practically together most of the time and out sight-seeing as far as we could risk ourselves alone in a large city. Of course, they being in the city at the same time surely made it very nice for me. Alone in the hotel would have been quite monotonous for me and I should not have cared to spend the days at the wholesale houses. This being the first time I had ever had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Col. Northup I at once formed a great admiration for her and the friendship sprung up, and apparently it was mutual, for as long as she lived we were the best of friends. It was somewhat strange to me that a lady like her and one of her age should have formed such a warm attachment and close friendship for a poor young girl like myself. I appreciated that true friendship more than I could ever express; she ever after that was so sweet and nice to me whenever an opportunity afforded. (A few years after I was visiting Cousin Mary Brown at Louisa, then Mary Lackey.) This dear friend prepared a lovely meal for me. She passed away some years since. "An angel came, with shining wings and white robes, from above, calling her by name, and as a lamb, they bore her o'er death's foam up to the 'better land, to friends and home.'" I now think of her in loving remembrance. The Colonel is still living; I saw him the past Summer at the depot in Louisa while waiting the coming of the train. We had a lengthy conversation in regard to her, also bringing in that time while in

Cincinnati that we all had such a nice time together. Although he is advanced in years, he having been a Colonel in the Federal Army during the Civil War, still his mind is clear as a boy. He never married again.

Back to the city; my uncle finished his business affairs, taking a day off to give us all an opportunity to visit all the different places of amusement and interest. Places such as the Zoo, Parks, Art Museum. Around the city the hills are lower, the valleys broader, the river wider, all so different to the scenes I had been accustomed to seeing. Then I fell to musing; this is surely a big world, a wonderful world and how I was inspired with an ambition to see more of it. The Cincinnati of that day and at the present time, so great is the contrast, it is as "moonlight is to sunlight." The streets were lighted with gas jets and brick paved as well as the sidewalks. The street cars were run by horsepower. At the time that was a wonder to me. That trip was somewhat an educational, as well as pleasure trip. I have always held it in such appreciation that it would have been an utter impossibility for me to have ever expressed my real heartfelt thanks to my uncle for giving me that pleasant trip and for him to have known the eagerness it aroused in my mind to give to other young girls the same real pleasure that he had given to me. I have carried out that intention, or wish, full many a time. It gave to me a very great desire to be instrumental in encouraging others to see what is in this big world of ours.

Thus, our stay in the city came to an end. We boarded the steamer *Hudson* for Catlettsburg, I with a feeling, I imagine, somewhat like the Queen of Sheba when she visited King Solomon of old, that the "Half had never been told me."

I had not yet finished my visit in Catlettsburg. I remained quite a while longer before returning to my Prestonsburg home. A few years went by with nothing of any interest that I can recall, I spending either the Winter or Spring with my Cousin, Mrs. Hopkins. If I remember correctly it was in March of 1878 I was invited to attend the wedding of Cousin Mary Lackey, who lived in Louisa, a daughter of Uncle Green Lackey, a brother of my Aunt Elizabeth. She was to be married to Mr. Thomas R. Brown, son of Judge G. N. Brown, a prominent young lawyer of Catlettsburg; a most excellent and intelligent young man. I was again visiting in Catlettsburg at that time. Quite a number of friends were invited; among the invited guests were the sisters of the bridegroom, Miss Lida Brown and Mrs. McClintock, also the cousins, Mrs. Hopkins and others. All the wedding guests that were the fortunate ones to be invited boarded the steamer *Fleetwing*, the daily packet that plied between Catlettsburg and Louisa, at that time a very attractive little steamer, and, not unlike all other steamboats, afforded splendid fare, and nice accommodations. Quite a merry crowd of us, all out for a good time, and a good time we had. Supper being ready we were ready too. Cousin Mousie and I were seated at the first table

next the cabin, there being some five or six tables down the aisle. I saw coming in the direction of our table an old beau of mine whom I had not seen for years. I, in a low tone, said to my cousin, "There is my old beau," calling him by name and remarked that "I did hope he would stop at some other table." I was doomed to disappointment for on he came, taking a seat just opposite me, then, looking at me with an expression half reminiscent, half questioning, at once he taking it for granted that I too must have recognized him, exclaimed, "Is it possible that I am meeting, face to face, with Miss Josie Martin?" I, of course, returned the recognition. Apparently with some pleasure he arose and shook hands with me as though all the past had been sunshine and smooth sailing and disputes and quarrels had been forgotten. There is an old maxim, "The course of true love never runs smooth," though there had never been much true love in the case as far as I was concerned. Altogether we could not get on smoothly at all so it all stopped short after a not very lengthy period of acquaintance. I knew at their time he had married and had been informed that he had amassed quite a fortune. I never saw him again.

The *Fleetwing* landed on time at the Louisa wharf. All the invited guests went to the hotel to get ready for the happy event. The wedding was a swell affair. The bridal party looked splendid in their wedding apparel. The large parlor was well filled with the wedding guests, all beautifully gowned in their evening attire. The ceremony was solemn and impressive.

Then we were invited to enter the dining room where a lovely supper was served; not a present day refreshment but everything that was then to be thought of; the table was loaded with just plenty to eat and to spare. A good time we had until the "Wee small hours" of the night drove us back to the hotel. The following day we again went on board the same steamer back to Catlettsburg where I remained for some time before going to my own home, finishing my visit. Thus the time went by, nothing of any note taking place that I can now recall as I never kept a diary, consequently I have forgotten many things. This neglect I now regret very much. I oftentimes have wished that I could recall some of my past life for there is much that I could remedy that would at the present day be of much value.

The Winter of 1879 and until February, 1880, I was again in Catlettsburg visiting Mrs. Captain Hopkins. In fact I considered her home mine, too, for I spent almost as much time with them as I did at my own. I really loved to be with her, she was so dear to me and I knew she needed me to help her with her children. I will say here that at this time they had three little girls, Elizabeth the oldest (now Mrs. George Dimick); Mame, the second daughter (now Mrs. Joseph Mathewson); Nell, a tiny baby only weighing three pounds. That tiny baby of 1880 is now a handsome widow (Mrs. Hughes). John, their fourth child, was later added to their family, a fine man living in Ashland, and in the banking business. Alas! the

flight of time. The reminiscences of those days all seem as but yesterday and when I meet with those children of my cousin and consider their age, all married, it brings so forcibly to me that age is fast creeping upon us all.

“Remorseless Time has turned another page
In its record book of human age—
That Chronicle so dark,
Where every act upon life’s stage,
Each footstep of our pilgrimage—
Has left some warning mark.

“The year gone by has spent its sands,
Another now before us stands—
Unread, unknown and vast,
This too will glide from Youth’s strong hands,
Away to join the misty bands
Which gather in the past.”

In the meantime my Cousin Alex L. Martin died, leaving a heartbroken wife, with their two little children, Elizabeth and George B. In less than four months she too passed into the great unknown. Thus the two small children were left, another mysterious act of God’s providence which was past finding out, though some day, somehow, all will be made clear when the veil shall be lifted; we will then understand why these sad occurrences are laid upon His children. In February, 1880, I thought I might be needed at home so bringing my Winter visit to a close I took voyage for home on the *Jerry Osborn*, the steamboat owned

by Captain Hopkins and of which he was at that time captain. His interest in those Big Sandy steamers made a very pleasant way of traveling for me as I could come and go at my own leisure and no cost attached to my traveling. Those annual trips I oftentimes bring to mind with pleasant memories and also with sadness now. So many of the loved ones who enjoyed those voyages together and were so happy, so joyous and gay have gone away forever.

The clerk, who always took every advantage to make the passengers comfortable and happy, has long since "Gone the way of all the earth." The good Captain four years ago left us all for fairer climes and eternal sunshine.

Each year though we traverse mainly the same roads, by some fashion we sometimes come upon some place or thing that has before escaped us, though rarely anything that brings past and present together, as happened when I returned to my home. Some years past I had met and heard preach at Paintsville the Rev. George O. Barnes, a great evangelist. Upon my arrival I found him holding a protracted service in my home town. The services were being held in the Court-room as that was the largest public room in the place at that time.

CHAPTER IV.

Frank J. Harmison, a capitalist of Baltimore, Maryland, who had a line of stores in many of the larger towns and cities along the Ohio River from Parkersburg, West Virginia, to Ironton, Ohio, also in some of the Big Sandy towns, in Pikeville and one in Prestonsburg, and his younger brother, P. D. Harmison, better known as "Bub," from Brirgeport, West Virginia, had come on to our town a few days before my return. I went to hear the great evangelist preach that night. The young Mr. Harmison, being in the congregation, saw me and made an effort to learn who the young lady was, wearing a sealskin cap though it proved at the time that no one was able to enlighten him and all his efforts proved futile. The evening following I saw a strange gentleman walking down the street. I wondered who that nice, good-looking young man could be; he was just my ideal. I admired him beyond any one I had ever seen, although a perfect stranger and without the remotest idea as to who he was. For a few days my mind would turn to the handsome stranger who had aroused such a feeling of admiration and I began to wish for an opportunity of meeting him and to learn for my own satisfaction just who he could be, and in a few days I had the

much desired pleasure. I had an occasion to go to Harmison & Company's store; I wore the fatal cap. It was then the unexpected happened. That morning as I entered the store one of the clerks smiled and said, "Now he will find out who the attractive young lady is that wears the sealskin cap." While we thus chatted Mr. Harmison evidently saw me enter for soon he came forward to where I was standing and lo! we had met face to face and behold! there stood the ideal of my dreams. We were introduced; I attended to my errand and went back home feeling that I had gained my point so far, and wondered as to what Mr. Schmucker, the clerk, meant when he spoke of the lady wearing the cap. In the course of future events I was enlightened; one of the strangest things about our acquaintance was that our minds seemed to run in the same channel; practically the same thoughts were drifting together. From church that night he walked home with me and ever after that his attention was often marked; in fact, we were together as often as an opportunity afforded and that was as long as the protracted meeting lasted. After the closing of the revival he went to Pikeville to take charge of his brother's store. Then went by that week of golden days, and through them a thrill of pleasure so unlike anything I had ever experienced before. I felt somewhat lonely, but it was one of the many cases that usually come to all young people, especially when one finds themselves in love. Thus the remainder of the Winter went by. Then rushed in the blustering month

of March, the disagreeable long first month of Spring that is good only for plotting and planning, and about the first, Mr. Harmison again visited my home town and plans were being laid for the future. There now was no doubt; a strong affection had sprung up between us. In fact it was a well authenticated case of love at first sight with us both. The proper time had come for him to explain to me his thoughts. That night, when he first caught sight of me in church, he said to himself, "I don't know who that young lady is but she is my wife if I can get her." And he said to me of all the girls he had met and associated with, I really was the first he had ever wished to be his wife. We were married April 22nd, 1880, at 8:00 o'clock P.M. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry Hager, in the presence of a few special friends, ten or twelve perhaps. The evening was mild, the moon shining in all her brilliance; it was truly a beautiful night.

After a short time I went to Pikeville to live for a while. We had no idea of locating there permanently, consequently we did not go housekeeping. We boarded at the Hatcher Hotel. Boarding for a while was very nice as it was a little change in my way of living, but soon it grew somewhat monotonous. I had always led a very active life, therefore boarding did not appeal to me very long, with nothing much to do. I had always more work before me than I could easily accomplish; however, I passed off the time by doing fancy-work, reading and visiting and sometimes stay-

ing in the store with Mr. Harmison when he was not too busy to have me around.

I thought that the two months went by slowly; time then did not seem to pass so rapidly as at the present. May and June finally went by. We had planned for our wedding trip to take place some time in July. My husband could not arrange his business affairs so as to enable an earlier leave of absence from the store. I presume the thought of such a trip made the time seem so slow in passing away. The middle of July was now approaching and the time for me to begin to pack my trunk for the long expected journey east. The middle of July usually finds the Big Sandy River very low, with steamboats all laid off. The old-fashioned flat boats at that time took their place. The flat boats were run by man-power, with long poles pushing shoulder to shoulder. It necessitated three or four strong men on both sides to push. Going up stream it was hard work; they were always so heavily loaded with boxes of goods, but passing down stream it was smooth sailing. It was on one of those flat boats that our trunk had to be conveyed to Catlettsburg. We employed a man to drive us in his hack. In those days that was the best mode of traveling, when the steamers were not running, though I have known persons, even ladies, making the journey on those flat boats, usually taking four or five days to make the trip. It never appealed to me though as a very pleasant way of traveling, as I never went a very great distance on one. The roads were rocky and rough with steep

hills to climb. Some places looked so dangerous that I preferred to walk rather than risk an overturn. The trip to Louisa, a distance of about sixty miles, was made in two days' hard traveling. I enjoyed the journey, even if it was rough, dry, hot and dusty, and good company made those hard, tiresome trips somewhat a source of enjoyment, too.

We drove in Louisa sometime before dark, went to the room assigned us at the hotel, getting rid of the dust of the day's travel, which somewhat rested us, we were ready for supper.

We found at the hotel a gentleman with his team and hack, who was going back to Catlettsburg the next day. We dismissed our former driver, who was glad to turn his team back toward his home in Pikeville, and the gentleman was glad also to have the passengers, as well as our money on his homeward return. We had with us Miss Grace Lanham, of Catlettsburg, who had been the music teacher for several months at Pikeville. We had boarded together at the Hatcher Hotel and had grown quite fond of each other, consequently that added a good bit to the enjoyment of the trip. She was a lively companion and we were glad to have her with us. I must admit that a rough journey like that was not so pleasant as it was on steamboats. However, after reaching Catlettsburg she went to her own home. I never saw her again. She married soon after and went away. I never learned where.

On leaving Louisa the following morning, we had another day's journey before us, but not quite so rough.

the road from Louisa to Catlettsburg being used much more and being kept in better traveling condition, not so hilly. The mountains were lower. Taking it all upon a whole, we had a nice time although the weather was hot, dry and very dusty. We drove to the Alger House, the best hotel in Catlettsburg, situated on the bank of the Ohio River. Arriving there quite early in the afternoon, a good bath and rest from the day's travel and we were considerably refreshed. The supper hour at hand, and that being over we then called for the evening at my cousin's house, Mrs. Captain Hopkins. The tiny baby Nell (now Mrs. Ed Hughes, the pretty widow) had grown quite a bit and beginning to be real cute and sweet, taking notice of the surroundings. Thus the evening was spent in much enjoyment. Mr. Harmison's brother Frank, from Baltimore, joined us the next day. They went to Ironton, Ohio, to look after the interest of the store there, I remaining in Catlettsburg to have some dental work done. I was in the dental chair all day and I was ready to admit it was not even as pleasant as driving down the Big Sandy River in a hack. I was somewhat pressed for time as a result of the whole day's dental work. The day following I went down to Ironton. That was my first time in Ironton, and also it was the last as I have never had an occasion to be there again. After the business affairs were all adjusted Mr. Harmison and I took a large steamer for Cincinnati. I had some shopping to do prior to our Eastern trip. That was the second time I ever

was in Cincinnati. We stopped at the St. James Hotel. As a present Mr. Harmison bought me a pretty little watch. It was a little beauty, and how I did treasure it. I had all my life wished for one and I had often promised myself if I ever should be fortunate enough to possess one that I would wear it continually. One year I kept that resolution; after the expiration of that time other things loomed up in my life that seemed to be more important than wearing a watch and I began to neglect to wind it and to lay it aside.

In the meantime brother Frank visited and looked after all his stores along the line and adjusted all his interests satisfactorily. Before we separated we planned to meet at Parkersburg, West Virginia, and together go on to Bridgeport (which we did). He there met us at the wharf. We had a number of days' travel from the city to Parkersburg. The river was low at the time and the steamer being large made slow speed on such a scarcity of water. After spending a day or two in Parkersburg we were then ready to resume our journey on to Bridgeport. We boarded the train at two o'clock in the afternoon for Bridgeport. That was the first time I had ever traveled on a train.

CHAPTER V.

Arriving at Bridgeport at six o'clock that same evening, brother Frank with us. He had arranged matters so as to visit their sister at the same time with us, so as all to be together. They all met me as though I had been no stranger to them, made me feel very much at home with them and apparently glad to have me with them. That was the first time I had ever had the pleasure of meeting any of them. I found Mrs. Dr. Late to be a charming woman, refined, brilliant and educated and right pretty. She being the only sister of four brothers, of course they were very fond of her. She had one little girl seven years old named Fannie, for her grandmother Harmison. Her grandmother had recently returned from Baltimore, bringing her a pretty new outfit, a silk dress, stockings, hat and slippers to match. When I had been in the house just long enough to have met and become acquainted with each member of the family, she exclaimed, "Now I am glad Aunt Josie has come for I can wear my new clothes and have some one to go with me to church and Sunday School, where I can show them off." (So I did.) Her mother laughingly told me that the Sunday before there was something out of the ordinary going on at one of the churches in Bridgeport and that

a number of Clarksburg people came driving by. Fannie came running into the house exclaiming, "Give me my new dress so I can hang it on the gatepost and those Clarksburg people can see it as I cannot go out and wear it."

We had been there only a few days when a baby brother was added to the family. Fannie was happy. I never saw a child so elated over a baby as she (a brother, and she had been so lonely by herself). She could scarcely realize her happiness to have a playmate. Dr. Late was such an admirer of General Gordon that he named his baby son in honor of him. There, indeed, was a happy household over the new arrival.

While we were there Dr. Late's brother (John Dunkin) brought home his bride. Their mother, Mrs. Judge Dunkin, who the second time was left a widow, with her large family, lived a mile from Bridgeport, gave us all a reception and a lovely supper was served to us newly married folk. We had a pleasant evening in that spacious country home; an evening that will be always fresh in my memory. Mr. Harmison's mother lived about half of her time with her son in Baltimore and half with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Late. She was a grand woman; I thought one of the most attractive women I ever met. She was handsome and extremely stylish, and for one of her advanced age as active as a young girl. In fact, an almost perfect woman. She was the mother of four sons and only the one daughter. Her sons were Frank J., Billie, Henry, and my husband, who was her baby boy. She

was left a widow when my husband was a small child.

After a two weeks' visit in that pretty home, with kind and hospitable relatives, we then prepared to make our next visit to brother Henry's at Berkeley Springs. He was a merchant. We had a nice visit with his family for about two weeks. His good wife I thought was one of the finest cooks I ever saw. They made me feel at home with them.

Thence the next move was to Baltimore to visit his brother F. J.'s family. Their home was on Baltimore Street. It was somewhat of a palace, surrounded by a large green grassy lawn, filled with grand old stately shade trees, beautiful flowers and a most attractive home. His wife, a beautiful woman, was very sweet and charming. They had three small children, one boy and two girls and servants they had in their home galore. Chambermaid, cook, nurse, dining room boy and driver and the colored dining room servant they had raised from a very small child themselves. He stuttered which was quite amusing to the children. They questioned him often so as to hear him stutter. Poor boy, he did not live very long after he became grown. A sad death for the family as they were all so fond of him. Emma, brother Frank's wife, did everything to give me a nice time and presented me with several pretty gifts. I still have some of them in my possession. She planned a day's outing for us and prepared a lovely luncheon and on the 12th day of August we all went on board a steamship and went out to Fair Haven, an island out in the Chesapeake Bay, a resort

for the city people about twenty miles out from Baltimore. That was the first time I ever was on a steamship and also the first time I ever was out so far on water that I could not see land. It was a wonderful day for me. I was seeing the things that all my life I had wished for. I saw them catching crabs and oysters and there was also a bathing beach. Many were enjoying the salt water baths. That was the first time I had ever seen people in bathing together. It was all so new to me. I was being somewhat educated. The day being spent and night approaching the steamer, that had been anchored during the day, was then ready for its return to the city. At ten that night we were back at the landing, after a somewhat rough voyage. The ship was so crowded that it was not safe and kept the officers of the boat continually going back and forth to keep the passengers from crowding to one side. The driver was at the wharf waiting for our return. Each day while there we were driven to some place of interest and the time had gone by like a flash and we had turned our attention to making the preparation for return to our Big Sandy home. We had been on the wing for six successive weeks, then we bade them all a fond adieu with a feeling of regret that the pleasant visit had ended. We then purchased our tickets for Parkersburg. By that time I was getting a little accustomed to train traveling and was enjoying that mode of travel immensely, and still I am fond of it. We had quite a lengthy trip, but reached our destina-

tion feeling as fresh as if it had been only an hour's run.

Upon our arrival we found the Ohio River very low. The large boats were all anchored and had given the low tide steamers their place. This necessitated several days' stay at Parkersburg waiting for a small boat to come in. We stopped at the Hotel Hamilton, situated on the bank of the river. I met a number of ladies at the hotel which made the stay pleasant. After a few days' waiting we had the opportunity to get started. I cannot now recall to mind the name of the small boat we went on board, but well do I remember that we had another delay. When we reached Galipolis, Ohio, the boat here had to make the necessary connection. We were delightfully situated there. The hotel was kept by the parents of Mr. Will Dunn, one of the clerks in the Pikeville store. Mrs. Dunn was such a motherly, dear old lady; so good and kind to all her guests. She had two lovely daughters, both at home: Miss Jennie and Miss Norcie, both attractive and pretty. I admired them for their kind, sweet and obliging manner and their willingness to assist their good mother in all the duties of the hotel. We remained in that hotel for a few days. Our parting with them was the last time I ever saw any of those dear, kind and hospitable friends, the memory of which I cherish and with sadness, too, for in a very few years the most of the family have gone "the way of all the Earth."

That trip, at the time it was taken by me, was the

most delightful one I had ever had in all my life. It looms up to my mind with pleasure and then is overshadowed, like the sun being hidden behind the clouds. So few are left that then were here so happy, buoyant and gay.

I had almost forgotten to mention the island that lies below Parkersburg that proved to be so historic in American events. The island home of Blennerhassett, who figured in the Aaron Burr conspiracy upon the United States, to his sorrow and also to the destruction of his palatial home. The island so historic for its former beauty, after being cleared and made to eclipse all other places and homes in magnificent splendor, there he built his memorable mansion which is a thing of the past; nothing remains of that magnificent palace, once owned and occupied by himself and family, except a few foundation stones, steps and the old well is still there and, it is said, the well can be used, and that locust and other trees, said to have been planted by Blennerhassett himself, overshadow its moss covered edges and that its crystal waters drop from the "old oaken bucket."

The Ohio and Virginia hills and the beautiful river and the clear blue sky, a writer has said, are the only things which look in the least as they must have looked to the original inhabitants. At the present time there is little to remind the curious visitor of the happiness and splendor of a hundred years ago. 'Tis said that the river on either side is so narrow as to permit the

distinct hearing of an ordinary conversation between island and main shore.

From either side back of fertile meadows rise picturesque hills that seem to close in the deserted island from the outside world. The traveler, who is familiar with its history, when passing either on boat or train will try to catch a glimpse of the lonely deserted isle, where once was a scene of great beauty; where merriment, festivity and hilarity reigned for a season, and joy, happiness and peace until the subtle destroyer came, a little more than a century ago.

The island was pointed out to me on this my first trip up the Ohio River and this little historic sketch given to me. Ever after in passing along the route I took much delight and interest in viewing that deserted isle and it often supplies my mind food for thought.

After leaving Gallipolis we still found traveling on low tide water very slow. The steamers had to take their time, we were traveling under difficulties, but finally after a number of days of slow sailing we landed at Catlettsburg. We soon learned that there was a tide in Sandy, which would enable the smaller steamboats to make the trip. This was encouraging to know we were to be fortunate enough to avoid a long tiresome drive over the same road we had driven over when we came down. The little boat had been loaded and was about ready to start; we went on board with a feeling of relief. It was then nearing the close of August and the weather was extremely hot, the boat, stopping at every landing, taking on and putting

off passengers and goods. I would walk off on shore to try to keep cool, as the boat was disagreeably warm. In the course of time the end was reached. We were glad to vacate the boat at Prestonsburg, as our intention was not to go back to Pikeville. We decided to remain in my home town and my husband go into business. He and Mr. I. Richmond buying out his brother, F. J. Harmison's store and becoming a partnership business, the firm changed the name to Harmison & Richmond, and they remained partners in business as long as Mr. Harmison lived, which was eleven years.

My Aunt Elizabeth needed my assistance in the home so we decided to remain with her for a while.

I shall have to give a sketch here of the little friends of the long ago that I mentioned in the beginning, so as to make the proper connection with my story. As the years have glided into the past many and great have been the changes since those early days of our happy childhood. All have married and have homes of their own. Sallie Davidson, the eldest of the four nieces of my aunt, married H. H. Fitzpatrick, who at that time was County Clerk of Floyd County, and they still are residents of the old home town of Prestonsburg. Alice, the second, married Frank Hopkins, a brother of the Captain's, a lawyer, originally from Tazewell, Virginia. They also located in the old home town. Anna, the fourth, had married the summer before to Mr. Schumacher, a clerk in one of the stores of F. J. Harmison. They both have since crossed the "swelling tide," but Josie, the third niece was the last to marry. Not

until November, 1880, the Fall following our wedding, she was married to Mr. Walter S. Harkins, a prominent lawyer of our town. He ever studied to make his home cheerful, even to luxury, its inmates happy and in entertainment of friends in his home he was peerless and fascinating.

The evening of their marriage, at her parents' home, was given a big wedding. They both looked handsome in their wedding apparel; a pretty and impressive marriage ceremony. The wedding guests consisted of almost the entire population of our little town. An elegant supper was then served to all the guests, the table loaded with the good things of that day and time. On the day following, a grand reception was given to the bridegroom at his home, where an elegant noonday meal was also served to the many guests. I speak of Mrs. Harkins in a long sketch because of our continued close association in all our natural lives.

We worked together in our Sunday School, our Church, our Eastern Star and other work such as our social gatherings, travels, visits, etc. In fact we had always been so completely connected that it was somewhat like speaking of a cup and saucer or a knife and fork. To say that we never had any differences or spats I cannot, with truth, for we sometimes have had disputes that were were near akin to quarrels, but all those unpleasant spats soon passed over and we were the very best of chums again. She will prominently figure in this narrative before completion.

Thus, the Winter came, December with its ice and snow. That Winter the measles broke out in our town, and I at the time had a full fledged case. Mr. Harmison being my nurse, I, of course, pulled through all right and really much better than I expected, considering my inexperienced nurse. Winter went by with nothing of much interest, then Spring with warm welcome sunshine and flowers.

By that time I was getting anxious to go to house-keeping. We had then been married a year. I insisted, and at last prevailed upon Mr. Harmison to rent us a small dwelling. He did not care to housekeep but to satisfy my desire he rented the house, and with some addition it was ready for occupancy in August. How delighted I was to get in a home of my own! I was about as anxious to go to housekeeping as I was to teach school. However, I was somewhat older and had been taught a lesson since that memorable occurrence. I am glad to state that I never tired out so soon though. With all the experience and traveling about from places of much interest and pleasure that had been so prevalent I was not at all restless or the least disturbed when I slowed down to other events of the ordinary course of every day, including the three meals, regular each day and the other routine of household duties that befall a well kept house; I really enjoyed it.

The very next morning, after my first experience in my new home duties, I call to my mind the accident that happened to my aunt. After I had prepared my first

meal, which was breakfast and having finished all the housework in general, before preparing my dinner, thought I had better run up home, which was only a short distance, and see how my Aunt Elizabeth was getting on without me. I was surprised and grieved to find she had a few moments before sprained her ankle, which was giving her considerable pain. In the meantime I finished her morning work for her. She was without a servant; no one in the house to help her. I then went back home to prepare our noonday meal; thence back to help her again. I found her condition very much worse. In fact she was past walking. Nothing else could I do but close my door and go back to her until she could procure a servant and take charge of the affairs as of old. Well, this was another occurrence which was suggestive for another joke on me. I was twitted quite a bit; some said it was another school freak, others said they thought we should have held out for at least a whole day before starving out. I took the joke all in good humor. In the course of a day or two she had secured a good girl, then all went well. I returned to my new home. She soon recovered from her disabled ankle and was walking as usual, with the assistance of a cane.

The Rev. Medley and his wife were visiting my aunt and a few weeks after we went to housekeeping I prepared a supper and the first invited guests we had were my Aunt Elizabeth, her visitors and all the family. That was a joyous occasion; I felt my importance as hostess. That was the first minister we

had the real pleasure of entertaining, but not the last; ever after our home was the home of the preachers. The longer I kept house the more charmed I became with my duties. Thus the summer with its never failing hours went swiftly by, then autumn with its golden fruit, its changing colors of the leaves of the forest trees, after light frost falls, and again the winter; Christmas went by, then the bleak, cold month of January, 1882. A memorable month to me for on the 12th a sweet little baby girl came into our home. We named her Fannie Elizabeth. Mother Harmison came on at the time and made us a visit. She remained in our home until April, notwithstanding all our entreaties to remain longer, she had made up her mind to go; we went to the river to see her off; as the boat pulled out she waved a last farewell. A thought came into my mind that I would never see her again and it sure enough was the last good-by. She passed from earth the next Spring, 1883.

“We knew that an indulgent mother from us was taken,
But my faith in Him was not shaken,
All things He doeth for us well,
This loss upon us fell.”

CHAPTER VI.

After mother Harmison left us, in a short time, we had an opportunity to take Alex Spradlin, a small boy of about eight or nine years of age, into our home, his mother having just died. The little fellow was a good boy; truthful, affectionate and obedient. We soon learned to love him as if he were our own. Spring soon passed by, then the Summer. Little Fannie, then almost six months old, growing so sweet and interesting; we simply worshiped her. In July she became a very sick baby and God, for some wise purpose, took her away from us on the 21st. I questioned myself as to why it was so, but His ways are not our ways and I knew I must submit, and that some day we should understand. All was done that was known to medical skill but failed. We were then brought to the realization with crushed hearts that the end had come.

“The little flower drooped and faded,
The beating heart was forever stilled,
Left aching hearts unaided,
O'er the form that by 'death's cold touch had chilled.' ”

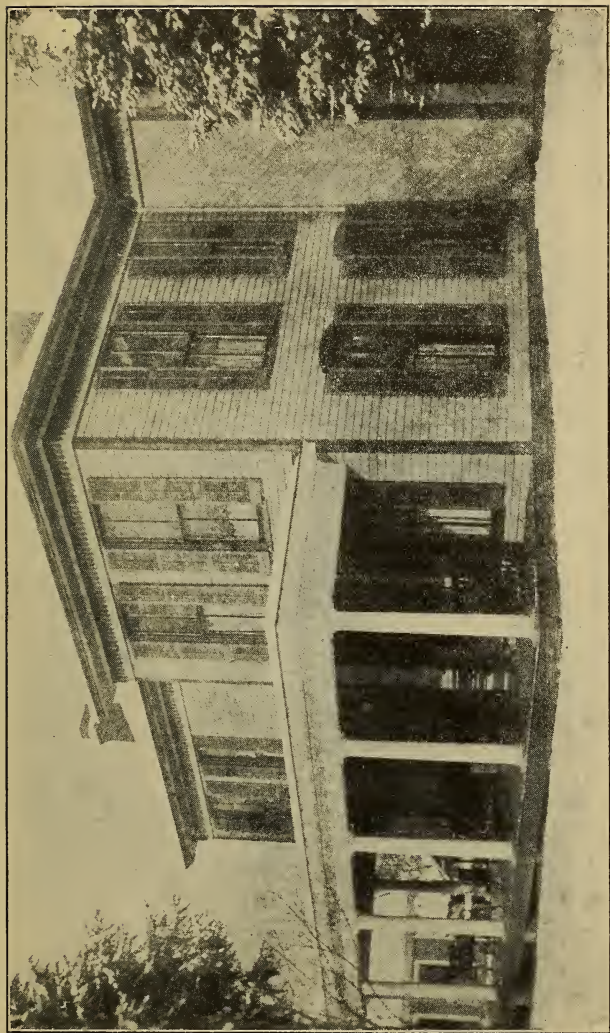
What a comfort our little orphan boy was then; I really don't know how we could have lived without him during those dark and lonely hours. Our home was quite small; we had in the meantime bought the

place. Mr. Harmison bought a large lot and we built a larger, more commodious house. For that day and time it was a modern up-to-date house and a very pretty structure. When finished we made the first and only move we ever made in Prestonsburg. That has been thirty-eight years ago and at this writing I still own it.

The business of the firm of Harmison & Richmond was a success; everything my husband engaged in was a financial success. He was a fine business man, a man of tender affection, warm friendship, charitable, generous to a fault. In fact a man that was loved by all who knew him and more especially the poorer class of people on whom he was ever ready to bestow a kind act. Not perfect though; faults he had, but faults are nature's kin and none are exempt of all Adam's race.

The years glided by; I had worked hard, managed in many ways to help my husband to make a living. I had kept boarders and economized in everything; I have always managed my household well. The cares and responsibilities were weighing heavily upon me; I had had but little rest in the past few years. My aunt in the meantime had become afflicted, thus adding to my responsibilities another heavy burden. All began to tell me that a little change in affairs and a rest might prove beneficial, and get entirely away from my daily routine of domestic duties of everyday life.

Prior to this time I had boarded a professor and his wife, teachers in our school. They were from Hawsville, Ky. They insisted upon my visiting them.



Home of Josie M. Davidson, Prestonburg, Ky.

Mrs. Harkins had received a pressing invitation from a friend living in New Amsterdam, Ind., to make her a visit. Both these small towns are situated on the Ohio River. She and I consulted the matter over and made our own plans to visit these friends of the past. We had never traveled alone and came to the conclusion if we ever expected to learn now was the time. We then explained our contemplated plans to our husbands; the arrangement met their approval and they readily acquiesced, so we considered the obstruction overcome, there was nothing else for us to do but get ready for the journey. We both had a good cook to leave in charge of the household affairs. The arrangements all made, the suitcases packed and the time for starting fixed. The river was just high enough for a small boat to ply the Big Sandy between Prestonsburg and Richardson, making daily trips when there was water enough for boating stage. Richardson was at that time the terminus of the C. & O. railroad. The "SIP BAYS" was the small steamer that was employed to make those daily trips of thirty-two miles. Mrs. Harkins and I went on board this little steamer which pulled out quite early in the morning so as to make connection with the daily train at the small town of Richardson. The steamboats have their regular landings. At one of these landings an old lady came aboard; she was extremely communicative especially to Mrs. Harkins, apparently taking no notice of me at all. After learning that Mrs. Harkins was the wife of the lawyer who had attended

some business affair and with success, of hers, she became more and more infatuated with her, to all appearances. When we drew near the Richardson landing she turned a scrutinous glance at me, seemingly the very first time she had observed my presence, and said, "Mrs. Harkins, is this here your gal you have got along with you?" I tried to suppress a titter but failed. A loud peal of laughter burst forth in spite of my tremendous effort to keep it back. Mrs. Harkins in her evident confusion tangled herself up; in her effort to avoid her personal embarrassment she, of course, blushed. I was more amused than ever at her embarrassment; when she had somewhat recovered herself she answered the old lady by saying, "You surely have not looked very closely at her," from which she said, "Maybe I haven't." The amusing part of the whole affair to me was that I was nearly three years her senior. She evidently knew I had the joke on her.

When the boat landed the clerk took up our suit cases and carried them up the river bank to the little hotel, thus leaving the old lady with her bundles, band box, satchel, and all other things pertaining to her traveling paraphernalia, which were legion. She turned to me and said, "I don't see how I am going to carry all my baggage up the bank." I then took up as many as I could well carry and rendered my assistance in her dilemma. Her son met her at the hotel and she gave Mrs. Harkins an introduction to him, again forgetting the "gal" that had so kindly assisted in taking care of her baggage. Mrs. Harkins

evidently could not rid herself of the confusion. She dreaded it; well, she knew I had it in for her. When we were starting to the train the old lady bade her a long, lingering, sad good-by, still no good-by did she have for the "gal." We boarded our train for Catlettsburg and were soon on our journey, I, with an expression of continued merriment, but saying nothing for the time being; just awaiting my chance to spring the fun.

We stopped off at Catlettsburg, visiting Mrs. Hopkins. As a matter of course I had to tell the joke there, as it was too good to keep and enjoy all by myself, so others I had to enjoy it with me. Mrs. Harkins would try her very best not to appear to care for it and would smile, though a sickly smile it was.

We bought our tickets for Louisville, Ky., then resumed our journey on our "Wild goose chase," I called it. So far, so good. We were congratulating ourselves upon our good speed when, all at once the engine in some way became disabled and had to sidetrack the train at Morehead; a long wait on a sultry August afternoon until an engine from Huntington, W. Va., could be fired and run down to convey the train on to the city of Louisville. About four hours' wait, sidetracked, and in August, one would not naturally enjoy very much, but we were learning to depend upon ourselves alright anyway. The train was due in Louisville at 9 o'clock P.M., but the delay prolonged by the four hours threw us getting into Louisville at 1 o'clock A.M. We arrived all safe and

sound, took a cab and drove up to the "Louisville Hotel," the most expensive one in the city at that day. That was nice and we were having an experience, too. We registered, got our room, and for the remainder of the night we slept. The next morning we were up early. After breakfast was served we went out into the city to do some shopping. That was my first visit to Louisville. We went to different stores, purchased the things we wanted and back to the hotel without making any mistakes. After our noonday meal we paid our bills, that amounted to \$3.00 each. We then ordered a cab to drive us to the wharf, a distance of about a block and a half. We sure were "spreading on." Paid the driver fifty cents each when a dime might have been sufficient to have paid a little boy to carry our suit cases. By this time I knew my money was going fast but I was learning and that was one of the special things in view of the trip, as well as pleasure.

The "JAMES GAFF" was the packet that was due that afternoon. Mrs. Harkins had notified her friends at New Amsterdam that we would be on this steamer, which was due at that place about 11 o'clock P.M. that same night. This friend of Mrs. Harkins' was Mrs. Dr. Watkins, they had met while in the hospital in Louisville a few years prior to the visit; they had become the very best of friends, ever keeping in touch with each other by letter. The doctor was at the wharf when the steamer landed ready to receive us. Mrs. Watkins, a lovely little woman so kind and sweet and

very pretty. They had two attractive children, a little boy and the other a girl. A happy home with everything that was nice. We had planned this visit at the right time; it was in the midst of the fruit season, and never before or since have I seen so much luscious fruit. Every kind that could be thought of that can be raised in the North and vegetables of every description; melons of every kind. The porch table was kept loaded all the time, with orders for us to eat when we so desired. Mrs. Watkins was a fine cook and we certainly did feast all through that visit.

They took us to see and go through a vineyard while there which was a scene for us as I had never been in one before. We had a lovely visit with them. I had written my friend Mrs. Hays at Hawsville when she could expect us, our visit now over. Mrs. Dr. Watkins' parents lived at Hawsville, and the Doctor told her that she and the children could go with us, thus making them a visit at the time we were there and be with us a while longer.

The steamer "GUTHRIE" was due at 11 o'clock that night; we all went on board, got our staterooms and retired for the night. The next day we arrived at Hawsville. Mrs. Hays, my friend, lived three miles below. Mrs. Harkins and I went on, getting there about ten. Mrs. Hays has a fine Ohio river farm and everything that anyone needs to live on that a fine farm can produce, and is surrounded by some of her brothers and sisters, all owning beautiful farms, making her life one of pleasantness.

The first time I wrote to Mr. Harmison I began to laugh and Mrs. Harkins said, "I know what you are laughing about, you are writing to Bub about that old lady taking me for your mother." (She was right.) We had a nice visit with those kind friends, long to be remembered; those were days of plenty. I have often wondered if those blessings will ever be ours again. Some friends at Hawsville invited us to make them a visit. We drove up there for a few days' visit with them. The Rev. Goodson, a grand old minister, whose daughter had taught music in our school, at the time boarding in the home of Mrs. Harkins' mother, insisted that we visit her, and also Mrs. Mitchell, the mother of Mrs. Watkins.

When our visit was completed we bought our railroad tickets for Catlettsburg; our money by this time had run short and we thought it best to turn our faces homeward. So we got home without making a mistake to find all had gone well. We had many interesting things to tell when we arrived and some quite laughable.

CHAPTER VII.

The next few years passed by with nothing of much interest. In the meantime Mrs. Late and her two children, Fannie and Gordon, made us a visit. Gordon had grown considerably, then four or five years old, and Fannie twelve. They spent a month with us.

In 1888 Mr. Harmison and I decided to make another tour East. That was also in midsummer. We had to make the journey as far as Richardson on a hack; the mail was carried to this point daily, consequently there was a daily hack. The road was still rough and rocky. It took a good part of a day to make the trip of thirty-two miles, arriving there as the evening sun was just topping the high hills. The small hotel where we put up for the night was kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Garred. Next morning I asked her if I could leave my lawn dress that I had worn down on the hack until I came back. She said of course I could. Just to hang it up in the room we had occupied.

The Ohio River railroad was now finished and trains were running regularly. At Catlettsburg we made the proper connection. At Huntington, W. Va., we were met by brother F. J. Harmison, and he being ready to leave for his home, joined us and we went on together. He always having a railroad pass and the

privilege of taking an additional passenger told me I could take the free pass. He was out in the interest of his Ohio river stores. We had to change cars at Parkersburg, W. Va., for Bridgeport, arriving at the usual time, six o'clock. We had another pleasant visit of two weeks with the Late's. While there we went out in the country to visit brother Billie's family. I thought it the most beautiful kept farm I had ever seen. The fields of clover and grass so green; the fences, as far as one could see, were white-washed, the cattle and sheep standing in the clover and grass to their knees; the buildings all painted so white. Taking it all in I never have seen a farm that appeared so inviting. They were excellent cooks and the most sanitary place I have ever seen on a farm. We enjoyed a few days with them, and our visit over, F. J. made it convenient to join us again and took me on the free pass to Baltimore to his home. Of course this lightened my traveling expenses.

His wife and three children were at their accustomed Summer resort, Deer Park, Md. However, the servants were all at home and we had a nice time anyway. Frank, with us, told me to make myself at home just as though his family were there. I had some shopping to do and a dress to have made. The housekeeper was at my command and assisted me in everything that was necessary. When, after two weeks' stay, and ready to leave, brother Frank went with us as far as Berkeley Springs, where we were

scheduled for a two weeks' visit with brother Henry's family, still free railroad fare.

In those days every family that was able kept a nice team of horses and carriage, the only means of conveyance around home. We all drove out to a camp meeting. It was the first time I ever attended one. Automobiles were unheard of in those days.

Brother F. J. wrote us that he had some business to attend to at Akron, Ohio, and if we were ready at the appointed time that he would pilot me as far as Cincinnati. We joined him at the appointed time, on the evening train, took a pullman and retired. At Akron he gave me his passbook with his address at Huntington, W. Va., and told me to mail it there, (which I did). All that long journey from Huntington, W. Va., to Baltimore, Md., back to Berkeley Springs, then on to Cincinnati, a free trip.

We arrived in Cincinnati in time to take in the exposition that was going on. That was when electricity was beginning to be used. The electric display at the fair was fine for that time; there was a pyramid of a thousand lights. At night it was very pretty. The exhibits were grand to me, as it was the first exhibition I had ever seen of the kind. I purchased a number of souvenirs, among which was a water-glass that had my name engraved on it, also place and date. That was the beginning of my collection of Exposition Glasses, of which I have accumulated about fifteen, one from each Exposition that I have since attended. I saw them weaving silk garters

and purchased a pair that I saw them finish; I still have one of them. The many different things they were manufacturing would be too numerous to mention. It was a great show to me.

While in the city we bought our parlor suite. The stay was very profitable as well as pleasant. However, when we returned to Richardson Mrs. Garred had gone to a Camp Meeting. We were assigned the same room that we had occupied heretofore. My lawn dress I had left hanging in the room was gone. I went to the kitchen and asked the girls if they knew anything of it; they thought for a moment and said, "I expect that girl that left here yesterday morning stole it." I thought my dress was gone for good. Our sister, Mrs. Late, had given it to me for a birthday present when she visited us, and for that reason I regretted more than the loss of it. We had been home only a few days when Mrs. Layne's daughter Anna said to me, "Miss Josie, we hired a girl the other day and she had on your dress. I knew it the moment I saw it." That night I went down and told Mrs. Layne the circumstances surrounding the theft. She said, "Yes, your dress is hanging up in her room." We then went in and took my dress down; it was made in three pieces, shirt waist, overskirt and underskirt. With it in my hand I went to the kitchen and said, "I have just come down after my dress that you took at Richardson," from which she in her sudden confusion said, "Some one took a dress of mine and I always take something in return." As a matter of

course I would never put it on again after the dirty thing had worn it, but I was determined she should not have it. I gave it to a girl that I had hired. I told her if she would wash and do it up she could have it.

My Aunt Elizabeth Martin, who was then paralyzed, and had been almost in a helpless condition for four years, was a great responsibility. I not only had my own home to look after but hers as well. Although she kept two girls when she could get them, still the responsibility rested on me. This was the first time I had been away from her, for so long, since her affliction. The six weeks we were away, she said, seemed an age to her, but she had kept about as well as usual during our absence. She lived until the next June, 1889, when another stroke took her away from us forever. The following November her bachelor brother, Uncle Morgan Lackey (the one who took me on my first trip to Cincinnati), passed away. This old family, now all gone, a broken up house, the place of my early girlhood days, was gone. I felt as if I could never again go in it. It soon went into other hands. This brought to mind that "All things must pass away."

Those early days of my first married life, although with advancing age creeping on, still linger in my memory, some of which bring up thoughts of many happy occasions and others that I have often wished I could obliterate entirely from memory. But this life is made up with both pleasant and unpleasant things;

the "bitter must go with the sweet"; all things work together, we hope, for good.

The year before Mr. Harmison died the widow of one of the carpenters that assisted in the building of our home was dying; she sent for us and gave us her little girl of four years. She was a beautiful child with large blue eyes, fair complexion and golden curls. Mr. Ellis, her father, had died a year prior to her mother. They called her Josephine, for me. Mr. Harmison said he was willing to feed, clothe and educate her if I did not care to have the responsibility. Alex Spradlin, our little boy, was now almost grown. We could not think of him any longer as a baby to be petted and we were able to care for her so far as this world's goods went. We felt that a home without a little child in it was not much pleasure; we accepted the gift. I said that I was an orphan and someone had to raise me; some of my friends said it was very foolish of us to take her, but it would have been a hard thing to deny the request of a dying mother. I feel that I did my very best to do my duty by her.

We decided that Alex must now be educated. Our greatest desire was to make a professional man of him. We sent him to the Business College in Lexington, Ky., in company with Mr. Richmond's son, Billie, who had decided to be a physician. Mrs. Richmond and I packed their trunks and when everything was in readiness we put them on a steamboat and sent them on their journey to College. Of course our home was

lonely without him. Little Josie was the healing balm; no supper was eaten that night and nothing but a good cry relieved my intense loneliness. In about a week they both got homesick and came home. They had walked almost all the way from Richardson. We were provoked and discouraged with him and also amused. I said to my husband that if a boy loved his home that well we had better put him in the store and make a clerk out of him, for I did not believe he would ever like school; he would not go to school at home only when we made him. Clerking was the only thing he seem to want to do. He has told me often since that he regretted and could understand now that he had lost his opportunity. Mr. Richmond started Billie back to some other school and kept him there until he fitted himself for his profession; he made a fine physician and Alex made a good clerk, remaining with the firm long after Mr. Harmison had passed from earth. He is a good man and trustworthy and is honored by all who know him. It was always a source of regret that he did not apply himself to his studies and take up a profession; we were so fond of him. He married a Miss Auxier in 1894, a splendid little woman of whom I was very proud; they have been to me a lovely son and daughter and live in our home town, Prestonsburg.

CHAPTER VIII.

August 3rd following, the year after Alex's College experience, my husband received a letter from his brother, F. J. Harmison, asking him to come to Huntington and he would meet him; he had a business transaction in view in which they would be able to make some money. I tried to persuade him not to go, but when once he made up his mind I well knew that I had as well try to remove an avalanche or stop a tornado as to change him, so there was nothing else for me to do but make up my mind to the inevitable and proceed to assist him in getting ready for the journey.

Hastily, I prepared his dinner and packed his grip. When ready to start he said he could drive through to Richardson that night; would go in the two-wheel cart, consequently making good time. Before getting into the cart he observed little Josie and Ernest Archer, my neighbor's little boy, standing by; he stooped and kissed them both and said, "Be good children while I'm gone and I'll bring you both something." I shall never forget how handsome he looked; I can close my eyes, even at the present moment, and see him so plainly that I feel as though I could almost touch him with my hand, the impression was so vividly impressed in my mind's eye.

The Spring before he had an attack of "grip" which left him with a cough, although there was no visible sign of anything of a serious nature. After he had been away a few days I received a letter saying he had gone for a short time up to Blue Sulphur Springs; these Springs are eight miles from Huntington on the B. & O. railroad. August 13th I spent the day in extra cleaning, getting the house in nice order and cooking preparatory for the Sabbath; I was in a happy mood that day; everything I did was a success. I was feeling well and after everything was in perfect order, even the Saturday evening's bathing was gone through with; it then being too early to prepare our evening's lunch I sat down to practice a while on the piano. I heard the tread of many footsteps on the pavement; I turned and saw a number of persons coming into my house and, before I could apprehend the meaning, a telegram was handed me notifying me that Mr. Harmison had died at 6 o'clock that morning, with congestion of the lungs, at Blue Sulphur Springs. The shock was so great that I could not realize what had happened for some moments; I felt as if petrified. When I returned to consciousness enough to comprehend the situation the house was filled with the friends who had come to render assistance and sympathy. It seemed that I was powerless to think; I asked what I should do and they said, "Get ready to go." I said to my lady friends and relatives that they knew what I needed, to get for me what was necessary for me to have, that they knew better than I. I happened to have a very nice

black dress which was all I had that was suitable for the occasion; my friends who possessed such, brought them to me. In a short period of time they had me in readiness for the journey that was long and tiresome. A friend suggested that Mr. Richmond should accompany me, as it was his place to go, from which he said he would gladly go; he was so shocked, too, that he had not thought of it. He was as void of thinking as myself.

We soon were ready, the driver with the carriage at the door. My sister, now Mrs. Ford, who usually kept little Josie for me when not convenient for me to take her, kindly again took her, while Alex would board with Mrs. Richmond.

Mr. Richmond had finished his lunch that Mrs. Richmond had prepared prior to starting and insisted that I should eat, but not a morsel could I eat. As the evening sun was shedding its last rays over the mountain top we drove out of our town.

Harmison and Richmond at that time were running in connection with their other business a livery stable both at home and Paintsville, twelve miles from our town. Finding it necessary to stop at Paintsville and change the horses for fresh ones, as the trip was too tiresome for one pair of horses, we drove up to my brother's home and I rested there until the change was made. The night was dark, only the stars to give us light. At three o'clock in the morning we arrived at the end of the journey and went over the river to a little hotel for the rest of the night and wait for the

dawn of day. They assigned me a small room so cheerless and lonely. I threw myself across the bed and tried to rest my tired body for an hour or two; no sleep came to rest my tired brain; all seemed like I was in a dream. I could not comprehend the reality of the surrounding; none that has never had a similar experience can know the feeling that I was then enduring. The 6 o'clock train pulled out for Ashland. We stopped off at Catlettsburg; being apprised that my cousins, Captain and Mrs. Hopkins, were on an extended tour in California, I went to the home of Cousin Tom and Mary Brown. It was their wedding that I had attended years before at Louisa, I have heretofore mentioned in the beginning of my story. I asked her to give me a cup of coffee, as I had not eaten a morsel since noon the day before; not that I felt the least hungry but to keep my strength up so as to be able to withstand the ordeal that awaited me. She brought to me a waiter with a tempting breakfast; I ate what I could. In a few moments a number of my relatives and friends came in to be what comfort they could. Cousin James Trimble, Mrs. McClintock, Mr. and Mrs. Nickols and Cousin Tom Brown all accompanied me up to Huntington. We all went to the Florentine Hotel; the remains had not yet been brought down from the Springs, not until the train came down from Parkersburg, arriving that afternoon, on which the three brothers accompanied by Mr. Lowe. Dr. Late being absent from his home when Mrs. Late received the message of his death

she insisted that Mr. Lowe should come in her place, it not being possible for her to leave home at the time and Doctor away. Mr. Lowe had been a long time friend of the family. This was the first time I had ever met him. Later on I shall have occasion to speak of him again. My intention when I left home and also a promise to his friends to bring his remains back to his home for interment. The brothers insisted, as also the friends, that it would be almost impossible to haul the heavy metallic casket over the rough, rocky road from Richardson home, that a hack was not strong enough, that a road wagon would be the only vehicle that was strong enough and then he could not be seen, on account of dying in health and the weather so warm. After considering the situation I thought it best to take him on to Bridgeport. It was four o'clock before the undertakers had the remains ready for us to see. He was such a pretty corpse; the expression on his face was so calm and peaceful, such a sweet smile. We were then driven back to the hotel; night closed in on the second day of my widowhood; my Catlettsburg friends remained with me as long as they could until the next train that was to take them back to their homes. I bade them good-by, then went to the chamber assigned me, though no hope of sleep. A servant brought up a waiter of provisions and said I must eat before starting in the morning, as the train would leave at 3 o'clock. No sleep to rest my tired brain that night; I held up in a most re-

markable way, considering the state that my nerves were in.

At Parkersburg we had about three hours' wait. We went to the Merchants' Hotel; again my dinner was sent to the room. Arriving at Bridgeport at the usual hour, a carriage was in waiting at the station and I was then driven to Dr. Late's home.

Tuesday morning, the casket opened, I viewed for the last time his remains; scarcely could I realize what was taking place; my physical body seemed dazed in a degree; gazing at all that was left of him that was mortal, a calm feeling went over me; my aching heart I consoled by a future hope and I said, "Farewell until we meet again, under a cloudless sky and eternal sunshine."

A consoling line of a hymn comes here to my mind, "When peace like a river attendeth my way, When sorrows like a sea-billow roll, Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, 'It is well, it is well.' " Thy will be done. That afternoon the funeral took place at the home; the hearse and retinue of carriages brought from Clarksburg to convey us to his last resting place; after the burial services were over and the casket lowered in the grave the family were all led away, placed in the carriages and driven home, so that we could not hear the solemn sound of the dirt falling in; then, all was over.

When I looked in his grip I found a doll and horn; it occurred to me that promise he made to little Josie

and Ernest Archer; he had not forgotten; of course the children got them when I got home.

In a few days sister Ella and I drove down to Clarksburg; I had to make some purchases, things that were needful for my wearing apparel at this time. We first drove to the milliner's store and bought the things necessary and to other stores. All my natural life the departing days of the month of August, in an unaccountable way that I have never been able to quite understand, a melancholy feeling casting a shadow over me that nothing but tears can relieve. At this time the shadow was darker than ever. Sister Ella one day said to me, "Go up stairs in the back hall and look in the bookcase and you will find a shelf filled with a lot of old daguerreotypes; you will find a picture of Bub when he was a little boy, you can have it." My attention was soon very much attracted as I opened one after another. Of all the old time, quaint styles too funny for anything. Hers when she was a little girl when they wore paddies that came down to her ankles, her hair bobbed and combed down tight to her head as though plastered, pictures of all the members of the family and her schoolmates when at Morgantown College in all the styles of the '60's. Large hoop-skirts with the laced up, wasp like waists; bonnets and hats of those days that were worn. They all were so ridiculous that I could not keep from laughing. I found the one that I was looking for but as I was interested I finished looking at them all; they were ludicrous beyond any styles I had ever seen. I then

understood why she had suggested it. It had the desired effect for the time being. I knew she felt if anything would get me out of that gloomy mood that those ludicrous pictures would. I have wondered what was done with those old daguerreotypes after the home was broken up. No one would care for them only for the ridiculousness of them and the age.

Nora Harmison, brother Billie's only daughter, drove over from the farm for me to go home with her for a few days' visit and help her to get ready, for she had decided to go home with me for a long visit. The road winding around the hillside until it almost reached the top of the small hill, we stopped the horse for a while to view the valley below; it was a beautiful scene. Their farm lay in this valley. I have heretofore described its green pastures and white fences and buildings.

We fixed our plans and set the day for our departure. She then drove me back to sister Ella's. The day for our departure drew near; she was ready at the appointed time. I bade them all good-by; that was the last time I ever saw Dr. and Ella Late. (They both have since gone to their other home.) She was always so considerate and looking after the interest of others. The day prior to our starting she wrote to Mr. Ed. Hill at Parkersburg, who had the store there in his charge, to meet us at the B. & O. station and see that we were safely on the Ohio river train going west. He was there and looked after our baggage and went with us to the other station.

While we were waiting for the train, conversing about different things, the conversation drifted to the boys in the different stores and the changes that had taken place in the twelve years of my being in the family. He spoke of the death of Will Dunn, who had been with us in the Pikeville store, Jake Schmucker, who was in the Prestonsburg store before Harmison and Richmond had bought it; he too had passed away. Rome and Charlie Carpenter and others. Now Bub had been laid away. He also spoke of the failing health of brother F. J. Harmison, knowing it would be only a question of a short time when he would be gone. Poor Mr. Hill's ending was the saddest of all. Fearing I might forget to mention it I will right here say that I had been home only a few weeks, was looking over a newspaper, a dispatch from Parkersburg drew my attention, saying that Ed. Hill had committed suicide by shooting himself. A sigh escaped me, a tear dropped from my eyes, for the untimely fate of this unfortunate man. He had been so courteous, so kind and obliging to me, I liked him.

After the train pulled out of Parkersburg I leaned my head against the back of the seat and soon fell asleep; a sound refreshing sleep that I had not had for almost four weeks. When I awoke Nora said that I had slept for two hours. Either the thought of being homeward bound or else tired nature had given away. I was refreshed; my nerves were relaxing. We again had to change cars at Huntington; everything had been attended to at Parkersburg, so

we had nothing to do but walk from one train to the other, that was on the track waiting. Upon arriving at Catlettsburg I found my cousin had returned. We stayed until Monday with her. I was anxious for Nora to get acquainted with her daughters and have a pleasant time with them. She had a nice little visit. I had written home for them to have a conveyance at Richardson for us and that Nora would be with me. The carriage was there waiting; we drove in home that night. My sister had the house all brightened up and a nice supper prepared for us.

An obituary of Mr. Harmison was published in the *Kentucky Democrat*. I cut it out and still have it in my scrap book. I herewith copy it:

"Mr. P. D. Harmison, a prominent merchant and the Sr. member of the firm of Harmison & Richmond of Prestonsburg, Kentucky, died suddenly at Blue Sulphur Springs, W. Va., last Saturday morning of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Harmison went to the Springs for a short visit and recreation and his death was so unexpected that his friends here could scarcely realize that the report was true. His family was advised of the sad occurrence by wire, and his sorrow stricken wife and business partner arrived here Sunday morning and proceeded to Huntington, W. Va., to which point the remains had been sent. The desire of Mrs. Harmison was that the remains be taken to Prestonsburg for interment but the brothers of the deceased who had been advised of his death, arrived and decided that he should be interred in the family

cemetery at their old home in West Virginia, whither they were conveyed. The deceased was about 40 years old and was married in 1880 to Miss Josie Martin, a most estimable lady of Prestonsburg, Ky., where he has since been engaged in a lucrative business. Mr. Harmison came to Huntington, W. Va., a few days ago to meet his brother Frank, and it is reported that they would soon open in that city a large store."

CHAPTER IX.

As the days went by the full realization came to me with increasing force that upon me rested business affairs of which I was so inefficient. I had always had someone to look to before. The thought came to me that I had to live and must depend largely upon myself for my own future welfare. I was yet young—only thirty-five. I found that well employed brain and hands was the best healing balm for a weary heart. Thus I realized that the returning interest had a tendency to turn the tide of my thoughts. Nora must have a nice time while with me; I must spare no means to make it pleasant for her. The young people assisted me; all came to see her. She was a very attractive and popular girl admired by all.

Horseback riding was one of her favorite pastimes; I at that time possessed a nice horse, also a saddle. She spent much time on horseback; she was a beautiful rider, living on a farm where they had all kinds of horses. Such a perfect rider, a "John Gilpin," I called her. Mary Callihan (now Mrs. Martin) was her chum while she was in Prestonsburg. She, with her whole soul engaged in the same sport; many pleasant hours they spent together. Nora being a very considerate girl about everything she did, or place she went,

always, asked me if it was prudent for her to go. She would take my advice. In every way I considered her an ideal girl. My brother who lived in Paintsville wrote me to bring her down for a visit to his family; we fixed our plans and accepted the invitation. We went down on a beautiful day in October; there had been just enough frost to color the leaves; the hills were so pretty, it was a gorgeous sight. The bright colors of every hue all blended together. She was a fine driver. Taking it upon a whole we had a most delightful drive down. We spent several days with them. She made many friends there. Her home, in Bridgeport, W. Va., has lots of coal in the mountains around but no cannel coal; above the road we were traveling was a cannel coal bank that was in operation; quite a large supply had been dug and was lying in a heap, prior to being hauled away. She had never seen any, so we stopped our horse and I went up to the place, picked up a lump as large as I could carry and put it into the buggy so as to have her see how pretty it burned. A little girl coming up the hill looked her astonishment at me as though she thought I was taking that which did not belong to me. I said in a low tone, "Don't tell anyone you saw me stealing a lump of coal," from which she answered, "I won't." I knew Mr. Harkins had an interest in the mine, so I felt free to take it. Nora took a piece of it to her home to exhibit it to her friends.

She remained with me until the latter part of November. One day she said to me that her visit would

come to an end on a certain day. I felt that I could not let her go if I could possibly keep her; I begged her, I implored her to remain with me during the coming winter, but she said the longer she remained the harder would be the separation. The separation was extremely painful to me but there was no alternative; she was determined to go. Selfishness is such a sin; all of the human race has more or less of it. I must acknowledge I possess my part. I was selfish enough to want to keep her from her parents, if I could, to satisfy my own pleasure. This question of selfishness brings to my mind an article I read years ago, and as it is interesting I will here relate it.

President Lincoln, in company with a friend, was one day traveling in a stage coach; an argument came up over this question of selfishness. He contended that no one ever did a good or an evil deed only from a selfish motive. Passing a pond he saw some pigs about to drown; he asked the driver to stop for a few moments, and got out and lifted the little pigs out, then resumed his seat. His friend said, "Now, Abe, you have just been arguing with me that no one ever did a good or bad deed only for selfish motives. Now tell me where the selfishness comes from when you took those pigs out of that pond." "Yes, sir," he said, "it was selfishness. If I had left those pigs to drown my conscience would have hurt me so much and it was to relieve me of that feeling." However, I had not thought of it in that way.

I did not lack for lively company after Nora left me.

My Niece, Puss Ford (now Mrs. O. P. Powers), of Ashland, Ky., stayed at night with me and often two or three of her girl friends. The winter went by with nothing that I can recall of any interest to speak of. Spring came with its accustomed spring work—housecleaning, gardening, sewing, and making up the outfit for little Josie, dresses, and the many other things too numerous to think of.

In June following Mr. Harmison's death, I received a letter from sister Ella Late saying that brother F. J. Harmison was seriously ill; the physicians gave no hope for his recovery and that she was starting to Baltimore to be with him in his last illness. I must here state that all three of these older brothers had been in the four years of the Civil War, in the Confederate army, each coming out unharmed as far as their physical form was concerned. The four years was just that period in their lives when they should have been in school, consequently they had lost an education, lost their property and a lost cause, that they had fought four years for. He passed away in a short time; it was a sad death for me. In the twelve years that I had known him I had learned to love him like a brother. He had been so good and kind to me and also generous, not only to me but to the many poor boys he had helped to get started in life in a business of their own. I had lost a good friend and felt the loss keenly.

My love for traveling has always been my greatest hobby; I had been home for quite a while when Mrs.

Archer, my neighbor, said to me that she would have to accompany her sister to Cincinnati, it being necessary for her sister to undergo an operation; her sister was then Miss Elizabeth Johns (now Mrs. Robinson). I agreed to go to. Fortunately there was at that time a little rise in the river, enough water to enable a small steamer to make a trip. We embarked for Catlettsburg. I don't recall to my mind just at the present how we finished the trip, on train or Ohio river boat. We stopped at the Dennison Hotel. Next day we, in company with Mrs. Archer's father and sister, went to the hospital; the physician said the operation would take place at one o'clock the next day. It being necessary for Miss Johns to remain at the hospital Mrs. Archer and I went back to the hotel feeling that we could not enjoy any of the time until the crucial hour had passed, as we were uneasy. The next day we were at the hospital at the appointed hour so as to be there while the operation was undergoing, it being a success, was such a great relief to us. When we found she was getting so much better and that her recovery was pronounced sure we were free to go when and where we pleased and have a good time sightseeing, shopping,—Mr. Johns, was permitted to spend a limited time with her each morning, and Mrs. Archer and I in the afternoon. We spent several days in the city until her condition was such that we were assured she would soon be ready to return to her home and she being perfectly willing for us to leave her.

In that time I had learned all about Cincinnati. We

left for Catlettsburg where I made a visit of quite a long time with my Cousin Mrs. Hopkins and Cousin James Trimble, also other friends and relatives. I had a very nice visit with them. I invited Alex Brown, the son of Cousin Tom and Mary, to go home with me for a visit; he had never been there and I thought it would be nice to have him visit Alex Spradlin, my boy. He was about fourteen or fifteen years old at that time. When we were ready for the journey home, fortunately for us we had an opportunity of a steamer up Sandy, the "Jerry Osborn No. 2," Captain Hopkins' boat, was all loaded and ready for the run. We had lots of fun on this trip. There not being much water in the river the shoals were very shallow; they had to warp through them. Consequently it called man-power into action to assist the machinery in its operation. This assistance was a very laborious one; many have been the times I have gone on the top of the boats and watched with much interest and also sympathy for the deck hands, two and three hours. There is a shoal just above Paintsville that is so difficult to get through in low tide that it was named "Hell's Gate." Man-power was brought into action in this way; a cable being tied to a big strong tree on the bank of the river, the other end made fast to a capstan on the bow of the boat. In warping through these shoals a strong bar was passed through the capstan, a man at each end of the bar, also men at either side of the boat with long poles pushing with man's strength. With this assistance to the power of



P. D. Harmison

the machinery, when the steamer moved forward the cable would wind around the capstan. Sometimes it would take two and three days to make the trip of only 75 miles. Of course, this was an interesting trip for a boy. We arrived home in the night.

As I had brought my young cousin home with me I expected him to spend the most of his time with us, but he had so many cousins, both girls and boys, about his age, they kept him going from house to house, consequently only two or three days were spent with us during the two weeks; his parents had limited him.

Time wore on with nothing of interest worth mentioning.

The next August Nora wrote me she was to be married to a Mr. Martin. I thought how strange. I had her maiden name, now she was going to take mine. I did not get to go to her wedding. Her husband only lived five or six years; he died with typhoid fever, leaving her with a little girl a year or two old, named Lucile; Nora is still a widow. She and Lucile visited us years after my marriage to my present husband. She is one of my dearest nieces and I hear from her regular; she still lives in Bridgeport, W. Va.

CHAPTER X.

The great Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 was now going on; I had made my plans to go sometime before it closed. A. J. Davidson, my present husband, suggested to me that we should marry and let that be our wedding trip. We consulted the matter over and over and finally arranged the matter satisfactorily and set the 20th of September for our marriage, to take place in the early morning between the hours of seven and eight, so as to give us ample time to make the journey to Richardson, which was still the terminus of the railroad. A few days before the 20th I gave out my invitations, asking every person in the town that wished to see us married to be at my home by half past seven in the morning of the 20th

In undertaking to write this bit of my life history it is here necessary to mention various individuals who are going to be connecting links. Mr. Frank Hopkins and family, Mrs. Dr. Stewart, Miss Elizabeth Johns and Mr. and Mrs. I. Richmond were to accompany us on this special occasion. The day before our wedding we ladies each cooked and prepared an elegant lunch for the morrow. That night my niece and two of my husband's nieces spent the night with me. The morning of the 20th dawning beautiful and bright.

The girls said they would cook the breakfast and straighten up everything for me to make my toilet.

I never had so many beautiful white flowers in bloom as there were that morning; tube roses, lilies and white roses, all seemed to bloom for my special benefit. A large bouquet of them was gathered for me to carry; the house, porch and yard were filled with guests that were present at the appointed time. On account of not being able to get all into the house, we were married on the front porch. The Rev. I. F. J. McKinster, the pastor of our church, performed the marriage ceremony. After congratulations had been extended we drove off amid a shower of old shoes and rice.

At twelve o'clock we reached the mouth of Muddy Branch, a mile below Paintsville. We spread our dinner and what a sumptuous repast we all had. Oh! those days of abundance and plenty to spare. I often wish at this present time that they would return. After luncheon was served we took up the fragments and had an ample supply for our supper, which we partook of before reaching Richardson on a beautiful grassy spot, picnic style, and enough left for each man that was driving all those hacks, the next day for dinner on their return trip.

We arrived at Catlettsburg for dinner at the Alger House. In the afternoon we went on to Cincinnati, stopping at the Palace Hotel; an old gentleman, a friend of my husband, and a business man of the place called to see us, bringing a box of choice fruit to me.

The other ladies seemed to feel somewhat slighted. The evening of the third day we reached Chicago, stopping at the Hotel Thomas. To us the great and beautiful fair ground was wonderful indeed, as we went from one building to another, thinking every one the most interesting, until we entered the transportation building. I have kept those interesting and different modes of traveling in my mind and am confronted today by the striking contrast of the past and the present. There were the imitation of donkeys, camels, oxen, chairs with their motive power of human legs; conveyances, some with wheels cut out of solid wood; sleds with runners equally clumsy; woven bags for carrying goods on animal back. Then, turning to the more modern, up-to-date, mode of conveyance, carriages of beautiful designs, engines of every description of that day. The very first ones that were used, small in their design and some that were immense; the steady improvements of the years as they came. There was a life boat that Christopher Columbus had brought to America on one of his small vessels when he made the voyage over here; it sure did look ancient. I placed my foot in it and said, "I have touched it anyway." I will not attempt to enumerate the different things and their improvements; it would take too much time and space. I don't think there was anything like an automobile; that has been a later invention. I really was more interested in the transportation building than any of the others.

There were buildings that contained more beautiful exhibits. We saw them spinning glass and making wearing materials, such as ties, umbrellas, a dress for the Queen of Spain, valued at \$2,500. I have wondered why that mode of manufacture was not continued; I have neither seen nor heard of any since. We took in some of the state buildings; not all for lack of time. The Virginia Building, a duplicate of Mt. Vernon, was of much interest on account of the furniture and household effects of Washington's home which were borrowed and placed just as it is at Mt. Vernon today; in passing through his room, the bed as he had occupied it, I placed my hand on it.

One morning as we were entering the fair ground I saw a small boy selling some pamphlets; I heard him call out, "A history of a woman in Prestonsburg, Kentucky, who slept for four years without waking." A lady remarked that it could not be possible and that there was no truth in it. I could not refrain from answering her that it was true sure enough for I had seen her often myself and raised her nephew; that it was in my home town. She never spoke a word in the four years. By that time the boy had passed out of sight or I would have bought a copy. We were in Chicago two weeks and could we have spent two months we could not have seen but a small bit as I presume it would have taken many months to view everything that was exhibited. The weather by this time was growing cold and we decided it was best to return to our home, my husband to his business as

cashier of the Bank Josephine and I to my same old routine, housework.

The personal appearance of Mr. Harmison and Mr. Davidson were so different; Davidson tall, slender, dark with black hair; Harmison fair, light hair, stout, usual weight 186 pounds. He was a stranger to me, only knowing him for a few months; Mr. Davidson I had known all my life. My first marriage took place in the Spring and at night, taking our wedding trip East; my second marriage in the Fall early in the morning, going West on our wedding trip, completely to the opposite. Mr. Davidson being a nephew of my aunt who raised me, consequently I knew him well. I have never had any regret as to my marriage; he has always been considerate of my interest, a true and loving husband.

That first Winter went by without anything of much interest to mention. I will here state that my Cousin Alex L. Martin, that I spoke of in the beginning of my history, had in the meantime died, he and his wife, quite young, leaving two small children, Elizabeth, the oldest (now Mrs. Gus Hampton), of Catlettsburg, and George B. Martin, a prominent lawyer of the same place, Ex-United States Senator.

That Winter Elizabeth and Elizabeth Hopkins, both then young girls, made us a visit, spending the month of February. Spring opened up. I can remember of nothing taking place that is worth mentioning. The girls' visit being over, they returned to their homes after a pleasant stay with us and the many other relatives of theirs.



A. J. Davidson

CHAPTER XI.

The Summer following, time drawing near for a little vacation, we decided to spend the time in the East visiting Old Point Comfort and other places of interest, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond to accompany us. A most delightful journey we had, spending a short time at the old Fort seeing the historical places. It was time well spent and much food for thought.

At five o'clock on August 12th, 1894, we all went on board a steamship for Baltimore; just fourteen years ago on the 12th of August I had my first voyage on the Chesapeake Bay. This, I thought, was one of the many coincidences in my life. The bay was calm and placid, the full moon rose in all her splendor and glory; her brilliancy upon that vast body of water made a glorious picture. I stood on deck so charmed with the picturesque scene; I did not want to lose a moment of the grand scene before me. There being only sky and water in view gave the moon to all appearance quite near the water; it seemed only a very few feet away. That scene I have often pictured in my memory as one of the most sublime I have ever witnessed in all my life's history; I would never grow tired gazing upon such grand sights. I have always had a fascination for hills, valleys, mountains and

plains but nothing appeals to me as a vast body of water. It seems to bring to my mind more vividly the majestic handiwork of our Great Creator as nothing else can.

The morning came all too soon. The steamer landed at the Baltimore dock about eight o'clock in the morning; we stopped at the Eutaw House. In the afternoon we went for a street car ride out to Druid Hill Park, a beautiful park filled with grand old trees, flower beds and grass. The driveway on either side has rows of tall vases filled with trailing vines and brilliant flowers which present a very pleasing sight to the eye of the visitor. I could not bring all the beautiful things to my mind at the present; I am writing just the things that present themselves to my memory at this time. I had been in the park before, but it was the first time for my companions.

Returning to the hotel, supper being over, the next on our program was a call to see my sister-in-law, F. J. Harmison's widow. I had not seen her since his death. Had a delightful call with them for an hour. Mr. Wheeler was calling, whom she afterwards married. He was cashier of one of Baltimore's banks; it seemed to me a little strange that she and I both married cashiers. That was the last time I ever saw her and I haven't heard from her for years.

Our stay in Baltimore being over we went from there to Washington, D. C., where we spent a number of days sightseeing. We were at the Howard House. Visiting all the different Government buildings,

Botanical Garden, National Museum, up in the Washington Monument, thence the White House, through some of the rooms but not all of them. The Blue Room in which President and Mrs. Cleveland were married.

The large California trees that were on exhibition at Chicago in 1893 were placed in the Botanical Garden; those trees were so large that a team of horses and wagon could be driven through the openings.

One day we took a steamboat and went down to Mt. Vernon. When the steamer landed we first went to the tomb of our first President; the last one of their old family servants acted as guide and explained to us the things of interest about the tomb and told us why the iron door was kept locked. It was because so many of the visitors were anxious to carry off something as a souvenir. They would break off a piece of the stone, one of the Eagle's claws or just anything they could. They thought it best to lock the door and throw the key in the Potomac River. To and fro through the house, coming to the famous room that the President had himself occupied, overlooking the Potomac River. The furnishing was just as it was arranged at the fair at Chicago in 1893. The grounds were kept as nearly like he had kept them as it were possible. Thus seeing these things of interest brings forcibly to me the need of a better education and a strong desire to have the ability to describe those places by pen and thought but my inefficient talent forbids to an extent. I find I must be content to do

my best with what has been given to me. I have always tried not to hide the wee talent and add to it with "usury." The visit to Mt. Vernon was one of the most delightful days we had while at our U. S. Capital. There was so much to be seen that I cannot take the time to mention.

Our time at Washington at an end we left for home, after a most pleasant as well as educational visit. Home again the latter part of August.

In October a young lady friend from Pikeville visited us, Miss Cannie Ford. She was visiting us when Alex Spradlin, our boy, of whom I have heretofore spoken, was married, the 31st of October. His wife lived five or six miles in the country, so it necessitated us to go horseback to the wedding. Miss Ford said she and little Josie could stay at home, as we were coming back that night, though late it might be. The marriage ceremony took place at four o'clock P.M., so as to give time to serve supper to the invited guests, and enable them to return to their homes. It was a very pretty wedding and a sumptuous wedding supper; after all was over we returned to our home. The next day was to be the reception at our home for them. I had a few special friends invited and a dinner prepared; we gave them a cordial welcome. They remained with us until January, when they went to housekeeping.

In the meantime little Josie was growing some and her health was better; she had always been a very delicate child.

The Winter, Spring and Summer went by like a flash, and then came the Fall of 1895. In the meantime the Atlanta Exposition was going on; we planned to take that in the latter part of the Fall. We had not had an extended trip since our trip East, the year prior.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fitzpatrick and their little daughter Osie accompanied us. Quite a bit of improvement was made on many things since the Chicago Exposition. The weather was very mild though it was late in the Fall, but being further south it was much warmer. The exhibits were many and good; the negroes had quite a large exhibit building. The fancy-work made by the women was fine and very pretty; it was surprising to see what they could do and they were extremely proud of their work.

While it is uppermost in my mind I will mention our going through the Kentucky State building and seeing a very handsome painting which had taken the prize; I learned later that a lady who lived in Covington, Kentucky, had painted it. I shall have occasion to refer to the picture again before I finish this bit of my history.

These fairs we attend we are compelled to spend only a few days or weeks at most, so we must make the best of it while there. We go and go and look and try to see as much as we can in as short time as possible and tire out to an extent too. One day we went to Grant Park, a street car ride through Peach Tree Street, the residential and most attractive part of the city. We went on Sunday to the Methodist church

to hear Bishop Keener preach. A few more days and we were on our journey home, leaving Atlanta on a bright sunshiny afternoon mild and pleasant, arriving in Cincinnati in a snowstorm, cold and freezing.

Home again. Winter approaching—nothing of any importance occurring that I can recall. The latter part of May the following Spring I took little Josie for her first trip to Cincinnati, she now being large enough to see and take an interest in the wonderful sights of a city. Some friends in Catlettsburg suggested to me if we were not in a hurry that it would be a pleasant trip to take the evening packet. The "URANA" was due that day and it was a new boat and very pretty. The Ohio River was at a fine steamboat stage; we went on board at five o'clock P.M., schedule time. I registered, got the stateroom key, stored the baggage, then sat down in the cabin to await the moving out of the boat. Josie was charmed with the beauty of the interior and fixtures of the boat; it was the first time she had ever been on one so large. After the packet started out the captain came back to the cabin and said, "How glad I am to see you; I could scarcely wait until the boat started to come back and speak to you. When you came aboard I said, 'If there isn't Alice Crawford from South Point, who married a Davidson and I have not seen her for years.' I saw where you registered." I, as a matter of course, saw he was mistaken and said, "I think you are mistaken; I never was Alice Crawford, and never lived at South Point, Ohio, although my name is now Davidson. I

live at Prestonsburg, Ky. My name before my marriage was Josie Martin." He looked his astonishment and said, "If you are not Alice Crawford you look enough like her to be her twin sister." He told me his name was James Martin and that he had been up at Prestonsburg during the Civil War. He asked me many questions about different ones living at my home, more especially my Uncle John P. Martin and his family; we then traced up a kinship which I have no doubt is the case. That little circumstance brought about a double amount of pleasure on that trip down the Ohio River.

A few years later I was coming down from Huntington on a street car; at a little station a lady got on and took a seat beside me, saying, "How are you, Mrs. Davidson?" I again realized the fact that she was mistaken, she being a perfect stranger to me. Remembering Captain Martin's mistake I said, "I think you are mistaken in the Mrs. Davidson; I am a Mrs. Davidson but not the one you know. I have been taken for her before." She too looked her surprise and said, "If you are not her you look enough like her to be her twin sister." Another coincidence. I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting up with my twin sister, Mrs. Alice Crawford Davidson. Strange, too, that she and I have both married Davidsons. I would dearly love to meet with the lady who looks so like me and have a good long chat with her and really get acquainted personally and learn if she ever had a similar experience. I will always have a hope of seeing her.

Several days after Josie and I returned home from Cincinnati, a young lady who was visiting friends in our town, on seeing Josie, recognized her by her pretty golden curls, telling her that she remembered seeing her in a museum in the city, and could not be mistaken in those beautiful curls but not knowing who the possessor was until seeing her in Prestonsburg.

CHAPTER XII.

The next September my husband felt it his pleasant duty to go to Tazewell County, Virginia, to visit his sister, Mrs. Col. May, whom he had not seen since we were married; he wanted me to visit them, as I had never been there. We made the necessary preparations to start during the latter part of the month, driving through the country in a buggy. We had a fine buggy horse, well trained, safe and gentle. Our first day's journey ended at Pikeville. We anticipated spending the Sabbath there and call to see many of our friends whom we had not seen for quite a long time. In the afternoon we called to see Mrs. David Francis, who was a cousin of Mr. Davidson's first wife, this being the first time I had ever met her. They had a beautiful new home, not long completed, modern and up to date in every respect; she seemed to be so proud of it too. We went back to the hotel for supper. The ending of our pleasant day was a most dreadful shock, when at about dark there was an alarm of fire. We soon discovered that it was this pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis' and in a very short time all that remained was a heap of ashes.

Early on Monday morning we resumed our journey.

The further up the Big Sandy the smaller the stream grew until there was nothing but some small rivulets that were its source. The road was rough and rocky and in some places very steep. Much of the road was in the streams or branches of water. The towering mountains, the rugged rocks, the lofty peaks were wonderful sights; so high in places that we had to look straight up to see the tops. The scenes in spots were picturesque indeed. Pawpaw trees by the roadside were hanging full of ripe fruit which we enjoyed very much for miles as long as they lasted. We would gather them in heaps, fill our buggy and eat until we tired. All at once the trees seemed to be barren; this we could not account for unless there was a difference in the soil—perhaps a mineral. The second day's journey brought us to a large farmhouse just before dark; we here found lodgings for the night.

The third night we found a good place to spend the night. Taking everything as it came we had a very nice time, although a very rough trip. I think of it now as a happy time of my life but would not like to take it over again at my present age, but we were then younger and nothing seemed a hardship. The fourth day ended our journey. Just as the evening sun was beginning to shed its last rays over the high mountains around Tazewell we drove up to Col. May's home, which was a magnificent one, surrounded by acres of land, with tall trees, grass and shrubbery giving it a grand appearance.

Our visit proved a most delightful one; I formed

many new and pleasant acquaintances. Time went by rapidly. Time for the Methodist Conference to convene at Bristol, Tennessee. Colonel May's daughter and husband were appointed delegates from their church. I had made my plans to make a visit to Jonesville, Lee County, Virginia, where I was born. I had cousins living there. I wrote them what time I would be on and for them to have someone to meet me. Before separating our niece and her husband arranged that I should make my visit down to Jonesville, then join them at Bristol so we could together drive back to Tazewell through the country. My husband went with me as far as Cedar Bluff, where he had relatives with whom he wished to make a little visit. I from there went on alone. I had to change cars at Norton, Va., and had a wait of about four hours. I learned I had a cousin living there; I hunted them up and indeed a very pleasant wait I had. These were cousins I had known nothing about. How nice it was to see and learn to know them personally. She had the cook to hurry and prepare their supper so I could be with them for the evening meal. I met with such a warm reception that it made me wish that I could have prolonged my visit. This was the first and also the last time I ever saw them. I bade them good-by and arriving at the nearest station to Jonesville found my Cousin Willie Martin, with his driver and team awaiting me. One can well imagine that I now was well accustomed to driving over rough roads. There was another five mile drive before

me and at night, too. We arrived at his home about ten o'clock or perhaps a little later. I was anxious for the morning to dawn so I could behold the old farm and house. I soon learned that the old house that had sheltered me in my early babyhood had long since been torn away. The younger ones of my uncle's family knew not the exact spot from whence it had stood. My uncle had years before gone to his long home. The large farmhouse had fallen to his younger son, the one I was then visiting.

This being the first time I had ever met any of them they seemed quite glad to have me with them and left nothing undone to make me have a good time. Everything good to eat that a well-to-do farmer could have; his wife a good, sweet woman, two children and himself comprised his family at that time. A few years after a little girl came to their home; they named her Josephine after me. I presume she is by this time quite a young lady. I enjoyed the few days' visit immensely, but must acknowledge I was a little disappointed, as I had expected to see the old house standing, in which I made my first appearance into this mundane sphere.

Around this house of my uncle during the Civil War a battle was fought. The family had to flee from their home for safety; the house was pierced by cannon balls three times, the balls falling in the parlor. The door facing was splintered. My uncle would never have it repaired, always saying he wanted future generations to see what they had to endure.

Those cannon balls were in the corner of the parlor, lying on the floor; I presume they are still there.

On Sunday during my stay we were all invited up to Jonesville to dinner with our Cousin Mrs. Lawrence Hyatte. Her husband was a lawyer; they seemed to be in fine circumstances from all appearance. They had a very pretty new home, just finished, nicely furnished. Her paintings were fine and a big lot of them; everything seemingly of a refined and cultured nature. This visit is often thought of with so much pleasure. I have always been so grateful for it as it enabled me to see and learn of my relatives that I otherwise would not have known or perhaps never thought of.

The time was at hand for me to join Mr. and Mrs. Steele at Bristol. Cousin Willie again drove me over to the station. There was to be a big circus at Bristol; when the train rolled in it was packed like "Sardines in a box." There was scarcely standing room. One place was up grade and it required two engines to pull the long train of cars up. There is a natural tunnel on this line the trains pass through; it was pointed out to me. On account of the immense crowds getting on at the different stations, the train was late getting into Bristol; the hotels were crowded too. The conference had adjourned and the next morning we were ready for our journey back to Tazewell. Mr. and Mrs. Steele had left their carriage and team at Emery, so we on train went to this place, and drove a few miles and about eleven o'clock arrived at Mr. Steele's brother's and spent the rest of the day and that night. He

lived on a fine farm and owned a sugar tree plantation and manufactured homemade sugar.

The next morning his wife prepared a lunch for us; we had a lovely trip through the country; the driveway was fine and the scenery picturesque. The towering mountains, the rugged cliffs. We could see bees flying in and out of cliffs where it would have made it impossible for any human to reach it, even if they had known those cliffs were filled with honey. Along the roadside were ferns of different colors, white, cream, seal brown and green, the green that we always have seen. I pulled up a white one by the root and took it home, set it out and in the Spring when it came up it was green like our own native ferns. The mineral in the soil was the way I accounted for it. We arrived early in the afternoon at Col. May's and found my husband there as he had made his visit at Cedar Bluff and returned.

We finished our visit at Tazewell and prepared for the long hard drive of 125 miles back to Kentucky. My mind reverts back to those happy days with our loved ones, some of whom have long since passed into the great beyond. Our trip back was without anything of interest. We made it convenient to find lodging at the same places that we had heretofore. On arriving home we found little Josie with the mumps, aside from that all had gone well while we were absent. This was late in October.

The winter passed and Spring opened with the same routine of duties that is always connected with the

household, cleaning, sewing, gardening and the summer of 1900 my health began to fail me. My husband realizing it, commenced to adjust his business affairs so as to be able to accompany me to Hot Springs, Arkansas. He suggested to me that it would perhaps be well for me to take a trip to Catlettsburg for a little visit and go to Ashland and attend the Annual Conference of our Methodist Church which convened the first of September, and by the latter part of the month he could be ready for Hot Springs. I needed a rest and a change. I spent the most of the time while in Catlettsburg with my Cousin James Trimble's family; they have since moved to Washington, D. C. We went to Ashland during the day to the sessions of Conference, Bishop Wilson presiding. We found it a very pleasant session. I returned to my home feeling much improved for the change.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Big Sandy branch of the C. & O. railroad had at this time been extended up as far as White House, just twenty miles from our town, which was quite an advantage as we could leave home early in the morning and make connection with the train on through to Ashland the same day.

We left for Hot Springs the latter part of September, spending a few days in Cincinnati shopping, thence on our journey. The weather was hot, dry and dusty. We arrived at the Springs in the evening as the sun was going over the mountain tops. We had a lovely boarding place, the Dewey Hotel; it was filled with guests, most all from the South, every person trying to make it pleasant for the other, kind, accommodating and courteous.

I met Mrs. M. E. Thomas of Grand Cane, Louisiana, a lady with a lovely disposition, intelligent and interesting; I became very fond of her. We were soon the best of friends and to this day I think of her with a longing to see her again. It made the time pass very pleasantly for us both as we were together incessantly.

These Springs are a wonder. A number, I don't remember how many, but of different temperature; there are hot, cold, warm and very hot. In fact, some

are so hot that they must be closed to protect animal life. Of mornings we would often walk to a spring upon the side of the mountain and where a stream of hot water gushing out from a rock was so hot that when we caught it in our drinking cup we had to sip it, could not drink it down. The bath houses were all on bath row, and owned and operated by the Government. The road, winding around the mountain was so gradual that it did not tire one to ascend to the top and, when reached, the scenery was very pretty and one could see much of the surrounding country. The mountains are high and rocky. Our mornings were spent at the bath house; by the time the bath was given and we went through the sweating process and then the cooling and dressing it was usually twelve o'clock. We then returned to the hotel, where always a delicious dinner awaited us, after which a few hours of rest and an afternoon nap, then up and dress for the evening, followed always by a stroll, either upon the Government reservation or some ravine or hillside. We oftentimes amused ourselves by going up Happy Hollow, where there was a kind of Menagerie, a cage of monkeys, a box of snakes and various other small animals. A lot of donkeys were kept for hire to the tourist for amusement. However, a ride on one did not appeal to me as being very inviting. I saved my quarters and perhaps some humiliation as I might have met with the same disaster that some of the ladies met with, a descent over the donkey's head, landing prostrate on the ground. They are stubborn little creatures some-

times, only move when the spirit prompts them and, believe me, the movement is not a very graceful one.

There are churches of various denomination, some very handsome. I remember a Jewish Synagogue; one of their special celebrations was in session. Mrs. Thomas and I took advantage of the occasion to be instructed as to their methods or customs of worship, so we went when we so desired. It was three days of atonement, burning incense, reading, music, all in a different language from ours. Of course I could not catch much of the meaning; the music was fine. Thus six weeks of real pleasure as well as returning health went by. Nothing to do but eat, sleep, walk and bathe. After supper we repaired to the parlor where we mingled in pleasant conversation, indulged in good music and all enjoyed a kind feeling for each other. These delightful surroundings must come to an end; Mrs. Thomas and her son returned to their home a few days before our expected departure. I followed her to the station with a lonely sadness to say good-by to one, and feel that it may be the last time that we will ever see each other again this side of eternity. I went back to the hotel with a sigh and it seemed as though the sun had gone down behind the hill. My husband and I spent most of the time together though, and the remaining few days of our stay were very pleasant. I had rested, and bleached until I scarcely recognized myself; my health was good, I had never felt better. The end of our stay came, I felt, too soon, but we must go home. The Fall was waning and it would soon grow cold.

We left Hot Springs, I with a full determination of returning some future time, but I have not yet carried out that promise I made to myself. We went to Memphis and there remained a few days, visiting the historical places. The National Cemetery, with its thousands of small white marble slabs marking the graves of the fallen heroes, the evenly kept green grass with multiplied thousands of white stones make a pleasing scene to the eye, although the cruelty of war enters our mind with such a horror. The thought of those fallen brave heroes cut off from the life that God had given and no earthly being competent to give back to earth and loved ones. We will ponder and ponder over again and again, why was it so? We ask ourselves the question over and over.

Memphis has the largest cotton market facilities in the state, also the most important river port between St. Louis and New Orleans. It is a railroad center; much of the cotton shipped from Memphis goes by rail to New York and other cities in the northeastern part of the country where there are cotton mills. Memphis, like all other cities, has much to attract and interest its visitors; pretty parks, etc.

Arriving in Cincinnati we found it quite cold. We went from there on to Catlettsburg, where we remained over Sunday on account of Mr. Davidson contracting a severe cold on our journey from the Springs, the change in the climate being marked.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next March following our trip to Hot Springs, my husband received a telegram from Col. May, saying that Mrs. May was critically ill, and realizing the condition made haste to go at once and be with her, leaving me home to attend to our home interest. However, he had been gone only two or three days when, about dark, a message came to me from the Colonel saying to come to Tazewell at once. I was alarmed; everything imaginable loomed up in my mind. My disposition has always been to begin to ascend the mountain long before I reach its base, and by this I have lost some of the sweets of life. It was about dark and everything to be attended to prior to starting and I had to get off on the early morning hack, that carried the mail going to White House, just at daybreak. I had to get a place for Josie to board during our absence. Alex was sick at his home. I must then hurriedly go see him and inform him of my intended departure; my suit case to be packed and the many other chores to be looked after. By the time all was in readiness it was ten o'clock, then the thought occurred to me that I did not have enough ready cash in the house to bear the expenses of the trip, only a few dollars and the bank would not be opened before our leaving



Mrs. J. C. Hopkins

in the morning. It occurred to me to go to each merchant and gather up what they had left out of the bank; I finally succeeded in gathering enough to defray all my necessary expenses, thence I returned but not much sleep to rest my uneasy brain. I was up and ready by the time the mail carrier was; we were off by the time it was light enough to see the road. A cold and muddy journey was before us. We made it to White House on time and boarded the train for Catlettsburg. Upon reaching there I went up to see my Cousin Mrs. Captain Hopkins and spent the time I was waiting with the loved ones there, I being aware of the fact that a long wait was in store for me at Kenova, West Virginia, where I again had to change cars for Bluefield. I remained as long as I possibly could with my cousins and took the last train for Kenova, bought my ticket for Tazewell and had the ticket agent wire the coming train to keep me a lower berth. Understanding that the road on the N. & W. was dreadfully rough, I had made up my mind to the effect if I failed to obtain a lower berth not to buy any. I did not care to be thrown out of my bed and it being so elevated. After a three hours' wait the train came rumbling in. I soon discovered that I had been successful in obtaining the desired berth and retired at once, still but little or no sleep for me. Again I had to make another change at Bluefield. This place being a considerable railroad center, I only had a twenty-five minute wait this time. The last change made, I was on my way to Tazewell, to my entire satisfaction. All this tedious

journey by myself and I did not meet up with any one I had ever seen. A little after eleven o'clock, the call out "Tazewell" was a welcome one. Our nephew and his daughter were at the station with the carriage to meet me. I soon learned that my husband was all right; that the unnecessary fright was caused by the Colonel just wanting me to come because Mrs. May worried and he tried to gratify her every wish if it were possible. I appreciated this desire they had for my presence although I had two nights of worry. This was Wednesday; she lingered until Saturday morning when death came and claimed one of the most patient and saintly women that has ever been my good fortune and pleasure to know. The funeral service was held in the M.E. Church South, of which she had always been a faithful member, Sunday morning, then she was laid away in her last resting place. Before I pass entirely from this scene it is meet that I freshen my mind by dropping a sigh, a tear of remembrance over the sad memory of the loved one gone from us forever, as far as this earthly home is concerned.

Colonel's daughter, Mrs. Steele, and I remained for several days in the home and arranged everything in good order. The most of the cares and responsibilities of the home would now rest entirely upon the servants. Colonel's son, Sam, who was a widower with six small children, was then living in the home. Maggie the oldest, about fourteen years old, would do what a child of her age could, but they all must be in school. We, after two weeks, left Tazewell for

our home, Mrs. Steele also leaving for her home in Abingdon, Virginia. Upon arriving at White House we found a slight rise in Sandy, water sufficient to enable a small boat to ply between White House and our home. We went on board late in the afternoon and sometime during the night landed at Prestonsburg. We both caught a dreadful cold on that boat and a decided spell of grippe ensued from which a long siege gripped us tight. Two weeks found my husband still in bed upstairs. I got a little better, enough to keep up and wait on the rest, for we found little Josie sick also. With the warm days of approaching Spring all began to improve and were soon about as usual. One by one the days of summer went by, then beginning of Fall. The latter part of September or in early October, our niece Cynthia Davidson, brother Sam's daughter and I went to Cincinnati to buy or rather lay in the Fall stock of goods for the store, that my husband and his brother were running in our place, and "To kill two birds with one stone," do our Fall shopping. We had in company two young girls from Harold, Elizabeth and Octava Hatcher, friends of ours.

While in the city we all four were invited over in Covington to take supper with some friends; while there the young lady took us from room to room to display the lovely paintings of one of her aunts, who was a very fine artist. On entering the parlor I observed a large picture as I thought was like the one hanging in the Kentucky State building at the Atlanta

Fair and said, "Grace, is that just a duplicate of a painting I saw at Atlanta Fair in the Kentucky State building?" She answered me by saying, "It is the same one and Aunt Dora got a premium on it." Another coincidence in my life's history. I have spoken heretofore of this in my description of the Exposition in 1895 at Atlanta. However, a delightful evening and a splendid supper was given us.

These business trips my niece and I usually made twice a year to purchase our Fall and Winter, also Spring and Summer, stock of goods for the store, always having a most delightful time. We had many friends among the business people of the city as well as many others who were only private ones. These bring many pleasant memories of the past as also some sad thoughts for some of them have since gone to their other home. This life is like the sunshine with an occasional cloud passing between, blotting it out. In the life of every one "Some rain must fall; some days must be dark and dreary."

In 1902, when the Pan-American Exposition was going on at Buffalo, New York, a home party and also some friends from Catlettsburg joined us, and we all went together to visit the Exposition and also Niagara Falls, thus making it convenient for us to take in both places at the same time. This was in September. Our country was in a very gloomy condition at that time on account of the assassination of our President. The night of our arrival in Buffalo he died, consequently the fair grounds were closed for the day. It being on

Saturday the visitors that were taking in the fair took advantage of the occasion and went down to the Falls. Between New York, the western part, and Canada, the Niagara River forms the outlet of Lake Erie. This river flows over a high cliff, thus making the great Falls of Niagara. They are about three-fourths of a mile wide and one hundred and fifty feet high. Below the Falls the Niagara River washes through its long gorge, making rapids of large size and great beauty. Quite a number of sightseers were going down under the Falls. I had always had a desire to do things like that myself, so I suggested to our party to let's go, to which some of them readily acquiesced. We donned the suits, however, that were suited to the occasion and went. It was a wonderful experience and all enjoyed it immensely. If it had been an extremely hot day it would have been more pleasant but the weather was not at all warm, though the shower bath was invigorating. Two places the suction was so strong that it almost took our breath. Winding around under the Falls, and through the cave of the Winds, thence we were out from whence we started. It was an experience I had all my natural life wished for; the day ended and still a desire to linger longer. I once heard a lady say that she was raised at the Falls and yet there was a fascination that held her spellbound, and to an extent that she never tired of viewing it and continually there was something charming and new to her.

We went back to Buffalo on the street car. The

next day Sunday, the remains of the President lay in state in the City Hall. All day the throngs of people were going out to see him. In the afternoon we took a street car for the Hall but, before reaching it, a downpour of rain began to fall. For blocks we could see the visitors standing out in the drenching rain and the wind blowing a gale. We decided, at the present, to remain on the car and go to the end of the route and try again some time during the evening, when the storm abated. The clouds and rain had passed by and about ten o'clock that night we again took a car for the Hall, this time being successful. We fell in line and at last, though very slowly, we succeeded in getting to see the remains of our much loved President. The question has been uppermost in my mind as to why any person should be so void of feeling, so very cruel to get themselves to the point to take the life of one so noble and good. His devotion to his poor little wife would naturally make the tears fall from the eyes of any persons with a warm heart; to think of her in her loneliness, bereft of her all. The city was indeed in deep mourning. I no longer will dwell upon such a sad scene. The next day all that was mortal of our great and good President was carried away to his last place of rest and the grounds were again open for visitors.

There were various improvements on the exhibits as years of study and work went on. The electric display seemed to be the greatest that had been. It was grand beyond any description, as also many others. After a

few days' visiting the fair grounds we again went to the Falls, took a steamer and went as near as they dare to go, the rest of the way, consisting of three or four miles, on a small train, on the Canadian side. A day spent on Canada's shore was delightful indeed. The view of the Falls from that side is some different and is a most pleasing sight to the visitor. This natural world wonder we read of, hear described by persons who have seen it, but one must behold it to comprehend its majestic grandeur and beauty; one is powerless to describe it as it appears to the natural eye of the observer. There is no use to try to say more of its grandeur.

We were in Buffalo for several days. We stopped in Cleveland for a few days, taking in the interesting scenes of the city and shopping. The city was draped in mourning for our assassinated President.

CHAPTER XV.

Nothing can I recall to mind in 1903 of any interest, except the railroad was being finished still nearer to our town. By the latter part of the year it was completed almost to Paintsville, and work was done in sections still further up the river, which was indeed a welcome sight to the inhabitants of the Big Sandy Valley. Still I enjoyed those drives; there were times when quite a number of vehicles would be in line and all of them filled with passengers, seemingly in a happy, jolly mood and enjoying that mode of traveling; some were so lively that we were kept in a continual spirit of laughter. Consequently the time passed so rapidly that we would be at our destination before scarcely realizing it.

The Summer of 1904 Josie made up her mind to marry a young man, Sherrid Spradlin, and on the 29th of June they were married, remaining in the home with us during the entire year. In the Fall we left them to keep house for us while we were gone to the St. Louis Fair. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, my sister, Mrs. Ford, and Byrde Callihan (now Mrs. May), constituted our party at the time. We had quite a nice but uneventful trip, remaining a few days in Cincinnati shopping, and thence on our journey to St. Louis,

arriving late in the afternoon. Next morning we went out to the Fair grounds. There are many striking features that occur to the mind of a thoughtful visitor at these Expositions. We think of the great cost of the Exposition; it was estimated that the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition expended nearly forty millions of dollars, then the waste of destroying those beautiful buildings and works of art all seem extravagance beyond degree. The result of an Exposition is that every trade will show marked improvement, because of the new methods, and new arts brought from other parts of the world and exhibits for the benefit of the workman in all arts. The realization which the Exposition brings to mind, of the progress that has been made in every line of production and thought in the years coming and going is a striking feature and food for much thought.

There were things that were unthought of in 1893, in the mechanical world, that are today being developed in usefulness and real pleasure. The Educational Building was of great interest; its exhibits showed advances which were being made in education in all parts of the country. The Festival Hall, the Terrace of States, the Restaurant, Pavilion and the three great Cascades were wonderful works of art and very beautiful to the observer. The Palace of Electricity, especially at night, was a grand sight. In the Sunken Garden, the beautiful arrangement of the flower beds was beyond any description of the beauty portrayed to the eye of the visitor. I must not forget to mention the

visit to the Walled City of Jerusalem. There were twenty-two streets; the houses were copied from those of Jerusalem, booths along the streets in which were exhibited many articles to tempt the dimes, nickels and quarters of visitors. There were fortune telling, bazaars, etc. The Walled City of Jerusalem, in St. Louis, was an interesting and instructive place to see. There were many new household methods and art exhibits, all kinds of useful articles which, of course, was very interesting and instructive, but limited time prevented my study of those things, as I have always had enough of that kind of things at home to do.

The Boer War was rendered by British and Boer Warriors at the Exposition; the horses were trained to fall to the ground and roll over at the command of their riders. It was as realistic as the greatest war enthusiast might desire with the knowledge that the scene was enacted by the real heroes of the battles which were now being represented in mimic warfare. Then the ambulances came into the field, the wounded were removed, the spoils of victory gathered together, then the curtains in front of the amphitheater fell and shut out the view. Many of those interesting exhibits and buildings of great art loom up in my mind, but space and time prevents more than a brief outline, and that of but a few thoughts and ideas of those magnificent buildings and exhibits.

After leaving St. Louis we went to French Lick Springs to spend a few days for a rest and recreation, a change of air and water. There are different kinds



Andrew

of water and it seems indeed strange that there are so many springs close together and the waters so different in their medicinal properties, and not at all pleasant to the taste. The surroundings are picturesque and somewhat hilly; a most delightful place to spend a few days; nice hotels; and the people are very sociable and plenty of good things to appease the appetite. Places of amusement, churches, pretty grounds, flowers and other things that are very attractive and beautiful to the observer. After a stay of about ten days we resumed our journey homeward.

On the 17th day of June, 1905, little Andrew Spradlin came into our home, a wee, tiny baby. We were quite fond of him and his little mother thought he was the only baby in the world; he grew and soon became the joy of our home. That Summer we put them to housekeeping, by building them a pretty cottage next to our home. Of course Andrew was with us as much as with his parents. In the following year, June, 1906, was "Home Coming" at Louisville, Kentucky, the time being fixed about the middle of the month as I recall. I was given the place as County Hostess for Floyd County. My husband's brother, his daughter and also another niece and a nephew (Joe and Mary Harkins), children of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Harkins, of whom I have written heretofore, constituted the "Home Coming" party from our place. The nephew, Joe Harkins, was appointed as Commissioner for the occasion. The "Home Coming" was held in the Grand Armory Building, an immense structure,

The booths were arranged in alphabetical order for each County in the State; these booths were required to have a register and commissioner, also county hostess. Persons who had ever lived or been born in the state were requested to register at the Booth of the county they had formerly lived in. The duty of the County Hostess was to welcome the home visitors and be present at the County Booth during the hours that had been fixed for receiving. There were persons that had been away from home for many years who took advantage of that Home Coming to visit their native state. It was a joyful as well as wonderful time. I had the real pleasure of meeting again some old acquaintances that I had known in my early girlhood. The "Home Coming" lasted two or three days as I remember; the last night ended with a grand ball; while I never engaged in such festivities I made up my mind to go and see as it was an unusual occasion, and seeing the throngs of people would be worth the seeing, and a big ball I had never attended, so we three ordered the hair dressers to come to the hotel and dress our hair; we wanted to look our best, so we must not leave off anything as we were out for a big time, and a grand time we were having. We ordered a cab to drive to the Armory and of course Joe and his sister engaged in the dance, but Nelle and I just looked on.

It was estimated that there were thirty thousand people in the building at the time of the ball that night. It was entirely worth seeing for its own sake, and three thousand dancing at once. Our badges entitled us to a

seat upon the grand stand that was erected for that occasion. We had a good view, could see everything very plainly. I soon tired out after seeing it all and went back to the hotel to get a rest as we were booked for next day to go to Frankfort.

The laying of the cornerstone of our new Capitol Building was to take place at one o'clock P.M. We had to rise early so as to reach the station and procure our tickets in time to catch the early train for Frankfort. We were late in retiring so did not get much sleep that night. We left before getting our breakfast. Arriving in Frankfort about nine o'clock we went to the Capitol Hotel, which was the best in the city, got our breakfast, then took a street car for the new building grounds. At one o'clock the laying of the cornerstone took place amid the ceremonies that were suitable for the occasion. Amid all those interesting and joyful surroundings and pleasures which I cannot describe but linger memories which I will never forget; still thoughts now arise in my mind that bring dark shadows, for some of our party that assisted in giving so much joy and pleasure have gone to their other home. Our brother, Green Davidson, left us years gone by and his daughter, Nelle (then Mrs. May), went away over a year ago; she died with that dreadful disease, "Flu."

After a day's stay in our State Capitol, we left for our home.

CHAPTER XVI.

I shall have occasion to refer to the new Capitol again and the city of Frankfort.

The next Spring one of my husband's nephews graduated from one of the dental schools in Louisville, and as we had assisted in rearing him, of course we had a great desire to be present on that joyful occasion. Quite a number of the relatives and friends were invited to be in attendance. The railroad being finished and trains running regular, made it very convenient. No more tired teams and rough roads to encounter now. We made it convenient to go to Cincinnati to purchase the Spring stock of goods for the store and do our shopping. We gave two of our little nieces the extended trip; my niece and namesake, Josephine May, and Mr. Davidson's niece, Douglas Davidson. Both these little girls were the same age and they were cousins. We had in the party, Elizabeth Archer (now Mrs. Wells), and Lackey Davidson (now Mrs. Roberts). They had a very nice time while in Cincinnati. It was a big trip for them; we went on board a large Ohio steamer at five o'clock P.M., leaving the city for Louisville, so the girls could have a voyage on a large steamboat; to say those girls enjoyed it does not express it.

Sometime during the early part of the evening a band of school children came aboard the boat, a big number of them, and such a noise they all kept up, almost the whole night; no one could get much sleep. When arriving at Louisville next morning we were all tired out. That night the graduating exercises kept us quite late. We were very proud of our nephew, who finished with honors. We stayed a few days in order to give the girls an opportunity to see the city, thence on home on the train.

The Summer of 1907 Josie's health gave way, she not being at all well all the summer and the latter part of August and first of September she gradually grew worse. All was done that medical skill could be brought to bear, but failed, and on the 18th she passed away, leaving little Andrew, then just a little over two years old. The nurse we had employed to assist us arrayed her for burial; she was the most beautiful corpse I have ever in my life looked upon. I can see her in my mind's eye now and I felt that I would never tire looking at her. How often I have wished that Andrew could have remembered how beautiful she was when in her casket. She being a member of the Daughters of Rebecca, she was buried with the customary burial services of that order; we had a church funeral; all the business houses or most all closed for the hour of the funeral. A number of the members of the Rebeccas from Pikeville came down to be in attendance. Her death made Andrew doubly dear to us. After she was laid away I was so completely

worn out from the anxiety and hardship of the Summer's experience I had undergone, that I was almost in a state of collapse, and realizing that I needed a complete change and rest, in both mind and body, we decided to go to the Jamestown Exposition as soon as the necessary preparations could be made and all things else done and in perfect order.

Early in November we left Andrew with his uncle and aunt, to take care of him during our absence. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond again accompanied us on this trip. Going by way of Washington city, stopping at the same Hotel that we had years before, and strange to say we were given the very same rooms that we occupied heretofore. The room joined the parlor is the reason that I so well remember. We had not been there since the Library of Congress was completed, so the first place we thought of was to see it in all its beauty for ourselves. The grounds adjoin those of the Capitol; the foundation of the library was laid in 1888. "The building was begun in 1889 and was completed in 1897. The net cost, exclusive of the site, was \$6,032,124.54;" it has three stories with a dome, covering nearly three and one-half acres of ground. It has almost two thousand windows, which renders it the best lighted library in the world; the lower floor consists of reading rooms, offices, etc. The pavilion and galleries of the second story are devoted to exhibits of engravings and other collections of rare books and portraits of the Presidents and other noted personages. In going from room to room one thinks

each is the most attractive and after all have been seen, one cannot make up his or her mind which is the most beautiful. I have not the power of describing anything so beautiful; I will just here say as it is written by the poet Tennyson, "Things seen are mightier than things heard."

After a few days' stay in our U. S. Capital we boarded a steamer for Norfolk, Virginia, from the wharf at the foot of 7th Street, where the steamers of the Norfolk and Washington line leave daily for Fortress Monroe and Norfolk; the sail on the historic Potomac River, Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, with a charming view from the river, of Washington and Norfolk as they are approached, make a most delightful and interesting trip. The steamer passes many places of historical interest, such as Alexandria, Fort Foote, Fort Washington, Mount Vernon, the home and last resting place of President Washington. At Point Lookout the steamer enters the Chesapeake Bay, which is considered one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. After a few hours' sail Fortress Monroe is reached and Old Point, thence Norfolk and Portsmouth, with the Government Navy Yards. We arrived at Norfolk, procured rooms there and each morning took a street car for the fair grounds at Jamestown, coming back each night to Norfolk. Several evenings were spent attending the theaters, seeing some of the famous plays. One day we went to Portsmouth; it was a well spent time too. We were taken through and shown the interior of the battleship Vir-

ginia, saw the battleship California undergoing repair, in dry dock. All these great, wonderful vessels were a grand scene for us. The time being up that we had given ourselves for the stay at Jamestown and the other points of interest we took a steamer and sailed over to Old Point, where we took the C. & O. train for Richmond, where the State Fair was to be. In due time we reached our destination. After an evening's rest, the next morning we were ready for the fair grounds. We were informed that Mr. Bryan was to speak during the Exposition; this was indeed an unexpected pleasure to us as we had never heard him. The topic of his address was, "The average man." We were fortunate enough to occupy a seat so near him that we heard every word very distinctly. I was delighted to have the opportunity of hearing this great man speak.

I had always had a desire to visit the historic city of Richmond and its surroundings; now the opportunity had arrived. Finding all the interesting things at once going on enabled us to "Kill a number of birds with one stone." The exhibits of all the different counties were, of course, good. The Fair seemed to be a complete success.

One day we took a street car and went to where the battle was fought out at "Seven Pines" during the Civil War. My husband made inquiry as to why it was called the battle of "Seven Pines" and was told because of a cluster of seven pine trees standing very close together. There seemed to be a forest of pine

timber and not any missing. We were informed that those trees were so full of lead that it would be an impossibility to fell any of them; I presume they will have to remain as a monument to that famous battle as long as time lasts. I was much impressed with those historical scenes that surround the Capital City of the state of my birth. A day in the wonderful cemetery was spent; we visited the burial place of that great and famous man, President Jefferson Davis, and his family; I had read much of his lovely daughter, Winnie. With bowed heads we stood there for a while and I felt that I should well remember that scene forever, overlooking the river James gently flowing by; then with lingering steps we turned away from the quiet resting place of those illustrious people, whose memory I have ever been taught to love and revere.

Then a day we considered must be spent out at the Home of the Confederate Soldiers; those poor old men were wearing the Confederate gray clothes still. They looked feeble indeed, though they seemed to be happy and some were jolly. I could not subdue the unbidden tears that would flow, which has always been my failing when my sympathetic feeling is aroused; I presume it is no bad failing, though. In the Home was a kind of museum, containing many relics of the Civil War, among which is the saddle and bridle owned and used by the great and good Stonewall Jackson, as also his horse, "Old Sorrel," is mounted and in a glass case, and many other things too numerous to mention. To-day when I take a retrospective view of those things

sad memories will loom up too serious to mention and I try to bring to my mind things brighter.

Our stay in Richmond ended, with some memories that will always remain green spots and cherished in my mind as long as life lasts. The information to be obtained is indeed a good lesson to be learned and well worth the time and money spent. In making our plans for this extended tour we arranged so as to be able to connect our given time to those different places of enterprise and entertainments that we expected to visit. The "Grand Chapter" Eastern Star, of which we both were members, was to convene at Louisville; I, at that time was Worthy Matron of our home chapter, consequently was the member to represent our Chapter in the Grand Chapter of Kentucky.

Leaving Richmond, after our stay was over, we embarked for Louisville, arriving there in due time. Several of the members of our Chapter joined us in the city all ready for the opening of our Grand Chapter next morning. This being the first Grand Chapter I had ever had the privilege of attending, I found it very instructive and interesting, giving a new inspiration and an overflow of love for our Order. The Chapter usually lasts three days. Mrs. Hager, representing the Paintsville Chapter, said to me on Friday morning that she had thought of going out to the Orphans' Home and getting a little girl to raise and asked me to accompany her; my husband and I both went with her. She selected a bright pretty child of about eight summers named Frances. She adopted this little girl giving

her the name of Hager. The Grand Chapter closed Friday evening and Saturday morning we took our departure for our many respective homes, Mrs. Hager with her little girl. This dear little girl I will again refer to later on, as there is quite a little coincidence connected with us. We had been absent from home for a long time and were getting anxious to see Andrew, who was now our only baby.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nothing of any importance transpired during the remainder of that Fall and Winter. The extra care of little Andrew and the same routine of my household duties. I was kept right busy the most of the time. The little fellow grew, though very slowly.

The annual conference was held at Paintsville the first of September. I went down to be there for the occasion and to visit my brother's family. Bishop Hoss presided; it was a delightful session. Their new church was not quite completed, but enough finished to enable the Conference to be held in it. The church is very beautiful. That was the first Annual Conference that was ever held so far up our river, consequently it was well attended. Almost every family opened their doors and the whole delegation was royally and hospitably entertained, plenty of room and to eat; it was a joyous occasion for every one in attendance.

Later in the Autumn the Grand Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, again had its annual session at Paducah, Kentucky. Mrs. Harkins and I were ready for the trip as also some of the other members. Our Worthy Matron being sick at the time and not physically able to go, her daughter was sent as a delegate to



Mrs. W. S. Harkins

represent the Chapter at home, making three from our Chapter, also Mrs. Pinson from Pikeville Chapter and Mrs. Ward represented the Paintsville Chapter. The five of us constituted the party. At other stations other members joined us, until finally the continued increase about filled a car; a merry crowd now on a long journey and out for a nice time. We arrived at Paducah about ten o'clock P.M. A committee met us whose duty had been assigned them to locate us in pleasant places. Our party of five were assigned to the same place fortunately. The reception to the Grand Officer was given on Tuesday evening, all in handsome evening gowns, and a merry time for us all meeting with our old friends. Wednesday morning the business session began. At four o'clock all the street cars lined up in front of the Masonic Hall and took the whole of the Grand Chapter for a two hours' run over the city, all free, and brought us back in time for our evening lunch, and to make preparation for the evening's entertainment. Thursday morning, again the business session was on for the day; Thursday evening at five o'clock we all were given a free steamboat ride for two or three hours' run. We were served sandwiches and coffee on the boat, all free, returning with us in time for us to make our evening toilet for the entertainment. The city did so much to give the Eastern Star a nice time. I believe the session of the Grand Chapter at Paducah was one of the most harmonious and thoroughly delightful sessions of the Eastern Star I have ever had the pleasure of attending, though it has been

my privilege as well as pleasure to attend many other meetings and all have been agreeable.

On our return we spent a day in Louisville stopping at the Willard Hotel; we did quite a bit of shopping. I purchased Andrew his first little overcoat. The next morning we all were ready for an early start for our respective homes, arriving at 7:30 P.M. after a splendid time.

Andrew's fifth birthday approaching, his father married again, a young lady who at that time lived upon Beaver Creek, about twenty miles from our place, bringing his wife down for a while. He was employed as teacher in the Normal School at Louisa, Kentucky. While spending their vacation they packed up the household goods belonging to Josie and shipped them to Louisa, where they expected to go to housekeeping. Finishing their task, they took Andrew and went back up to Beaver Creek to her father's to finish their vacation. We were so lonely without our little boy, who had really been the life and joy of our home; I was so miserable, nothing gave me any pleasure or happiness. I really dreaded to finish my daily task; I wanted to keep continually employed. After a few weeks had elapsed we decided that we must see him. Mr. Davidson mounted his horse and went to Beaver after him, bringing him home, then there was complete happiness in our home for a while.

A number of ladies at home were invited up to Allen City for dinner with Mrs. Sam Hatcher, my

husband's nephew's wife. It is only about seven or eight miles above our town; the train was scheduled to pass our town at ten o'clock and that gave ample time to arrive there for dinner and spend a few hours. This being the first time I had ever had an opportunity of passing by the home of my early childhood, which I have mentioned in the beginning of this history, at the mouth of Bull Creek; thoughts began to crowd my mind before reaching the station. I wondered if anything would look the least familiar to me. The station was called; I looked out at the car window, the same hills looked so strange, but all else seemed to be gone. Then, looking a little beyond, I saw the little knoll just above where the house that sheltered me had stood in years gone by; there too was the old chestnut tree as familiar as of yore, although it had braved the fury of many a storm and had stood the test of snow and ice of the cold winters and the heat of summers for years, and generations, who no doubt had gathered its product, have come and gone, yet there it stands, though plainly showed to me that it too, like everything earthly, must sometime pass away. Many of its branches were dead and still clinging to the old body, that seemed as age was fast creeping on and it, too, gradually dying. Sad thoughts loomed up thick and fast. I took my pencil and paper and wrote these lines that seemed to describe the situation at that time, far better than I can now write; I fixed the subject for my little poem, "The Old Home Farm":

"Time is fleeting, fleeting fast,
Five and forty were the years that had passed,
Since the old home, I last beheld,
Which is remembered, O! so well.

The change so great, since the days of yore,
The past loomed up, my heart grew sore,
With thoughts of the time of my childhood glee,
And those years that have rolled into Eternity.

The old home of my childhood is torn away,
To give place to a lumber yard to-day,
And the dear old farm, Yes, 'Tis a fact,
Is now divided by a railroad track.

All is gone, the barn, the road, the ridge,
The creek is now spanned by a railroad bridge,
The old spring too is all filled up,
Where oft its water I had dipped with my little cup.

In vain I scanned into every face,
For one I knew, but not a trace,
For the faces there then are there no more,
Many have gone to the other shore.

I know I shall never see them again,
In this low world right well I ken,
But at last in our home above we'll meet,
And there together bow at Jesus' feet.

Ah! no more will I ever roam,
Around the old place I had once called home,
My heart was made with sadness to swell,
As I bid the old farm, old home, farewell."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Before the Summer closed we were again made to worry; Andrew's father took him to Louisa with them, in such a cruel, heartless manner, without even consulting us upon the subject after the years of his existence I had all the trouble and care of him as well as the pleasure of having him with us. Under the existing circumstances we thought it was due us to be consulted and have an understanding about having him with us some of the time at least, but his father thought he must be made to forget us entirely, fearing he would love us better than them, and that we should have no claim upon him. Thus the remaining days of August went by; then Fall approached. The loneliness became intense.

The Grand Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, was to meet again at Frankfort late in the Fall; I being very anxious to attend, made my arrangements to stop off at Louisa and see the little fellow. Mr. Davidson went that far with me to see him. Stopping at the Hotel and securing our room, we at once started out to hunt their home. He was so delighted to see and have us with him. How weak and feeble he looked; so much of a change. I was almost heartbroken to see his general appearance. We spent the rest of the morning with

him and went back to the hotel for our dinner, and thence with him the remainder of the day. The following morning I went on to Frankfort and my husband to West Liberty to visit his sister, Mrs. Kendall, and spend the time I was away from home with her. Mrs. Harkins and others from our home Chapter joined us on the morning train and we all went on together. At Ashland we changed cars and a large number of O. E. S. members from other places came in and thus we had a car full, before arriving at our state capital. We all took rooms at the Capitol Hotel, consequently there was a well-filled hotel.

The Grand Chapter was tendered the Senate Chamber in the new Capitol building in which to assemble for the business of the Order, which was accepted with many thanks. The new Capitol building was now completed and was a very handsome structure, distinguished for its pretty situation, its majestic proportions, for dignity, grace and beauty of design, its adornments and decorations which beautify it without as well as within. From an elevated site overlooking the Kentucky River and railroad one can see its towering dome for quite a distance. It is set amid spacious grounds whose extent and arrangement add much to its beauty. "The magnificent marble corridors and stairways that lead to the different rooms, court, senate, and committee, also legislative hall, all noted for richness of material, construction and adornment"; a capitol building that any state could well be proud of. The reception of the grand officers was held at the Capitol Hotel in the

spacious parlor, the business session at the Capitol building, lasting all day.

We had the honor as well as pleasure of the presence of the most Worthy Grand Matron of the General Grand Chapter with us, the first day of the session, and I had the pleasure of being seated at the same table with her (Mrs. Washburn).

One morning Mrs. Hager and I played truant and went for a stroll out to the cemetery and saw the resting place of our assassinated governor, William Goble. Then we went through the Penitentiary. The guide that took us through said that they were giving the Eastern Star ladies a free pass. I was astonished at the comforts that were provided for those convicts; I had always thought of the State Penitentiary as being something horrible. No doubt many had comforts there that were unheard of in their homes. The cooks were preparing dinner: how appetizing everything did look; such real wholesome food. A Library, two Chapels, Protestant and Catholic, Drug Store, Hospital, Dining Room. The interior of the walls, a small park and pretty flower beds and the things surrounding appeared really inviting until we came to apartments containing the cells for their night's rest; they were a dismal sight indeed. The thought of being locked in all night would naturally give one a feeling of horror. The guide told us that some of the convicts, as soon as their time had expired, would repeat some unlawful act so as to be sent back to the prison, saying that they did not feel at home anywhere else.

After exploring the prison we then went through the old capitol building, which is still standing. I wanted to see it for various reasons; some of my own relatives had occupied official places there, representing our home districts as State Senators, Representatives, etc., and one of the most interesting features of that ancient building is the stairway, which was made by a convict, and is so constructed that there is no visible means of support; 'tis said there is none other like it in the world, and for that reason they wish to preserve it for all time. There are some very interesting things around the capitol.

All the evening entertainments in connection with the Order of the Eastern Star were held in the parlor of the Capitol Hotel; we had a good session and a good time; the Chapter lasted three days. After the adjournment of the Grand Chapter we bade our friends a fond adieu, each leaving for our homes. That was the last time I have been in our state capitol, and a time to be fondly remembered on account of the many pleasant memories connected with our stay.

I stopped off at Louisa to spend the Sabbath with our Cousin, Mrs. Lackey, and to again have the pleasure of seeing and being with our little Andrew, prior to our contemplated tour through Florida for the coming Winter. I had a most delightful little visit with them all. I did not want to lose any of the time of being with the little fellow. How hard it was to part with him no one could ever know, but all turns out right when one puts his or her trust in a higher

power and seeks to do the right thing regardless of what may befall them. The remaining part of the autumn passed, bringing the cold winds and snow of December; we decided to remain at our home until after Christmas; that was in 1910, which was the last Christmas we ever spent in Prestonsburg.

Our Methodist Sunday School gave the accustomed Christmas eve entertainment; I was placed upon the program for a recitation and responded with a little poem of my own composition. My subject I took from God's Holy Word; I will herein rewrite it:

“THE STAR IN THE EAST.

The Shepherds watched, the night was still,
Their flock, as they grazed, on the Judean hills,
When lo! in the East a strange Star appeared,
Met their gaze, and they greatly feared.

But that fear was not long to last, an angel spoke,
Fear not, O'er thy path a brighter future is cast.
For unto you this day a King is born, to proclaim,
'Peace on Earth, good will to men.'

Music sweet fell from the Heavenly choir,
And greeted the ears of Casper, Belthasar and Melchior.
These wise men three to say the least,
Hastily followed that strange star in the East.

Long was their journey, but they did not tire,
While they followed that one bright star,
Until the city they did behold,
And there entered the palace of King Herod of old.

'A mighty King is born unto us this day,'
The wise men unto him did say,
And King Herod with great fear did quake,
For he thought his mighty throne at stake.

A fearful command he then did give,
That not a male child under two years of age should live,
Death spread abroad throughout his Nation,
And many a dear child from earth and home was taken.

But his cruel edict a failure proved,
From his native country the Christ child was moved,
God from the beginning had foreordained,
That the infant King should not be slain.

That star lingered over the manger,
And guided the wise men to the Divine little stranger,
Then his parents with him into Egypt fled,
And there remained until King Herod was dead.

The Angel again was heard to speak—
Saying, Arise! thy own native country seek.
There is naught for thee to fear—
Herod is no more, the way is clear.

All hail the return of the infant Saviour-King,
Let voices to-day loudly ring.
Oh! may we too follow that star in the East
Until upon Him our eyes may feast.

When one by one we each shall fall,
May that one bright star guide us all,
Until we reach that mystic bourne—
There worship Him around His great white throne."

CHAPTER XIX.

Christmas being over we left for Florida, about the 29th of December, closing the home for the remaining part of the Winter. We arrived at Chattanooga on New Year's Eve. This being Saturday we stopped off to spend the Sabbath at that old historical city, but on the next morning we were completely shut indoors on account of a downpour of rain which continued the whole day. It was cold and chilly so we decided to continue our journey farther south, so on Monday morning in a continual rain we left Chattanooga for Jacksonville, Florida, finding it more inviting to be traveling on train than being shut in a hotel. We arrived at Jacksonville about dark and proceeded at once to a nearby hotel. It indeed seemed strange to be in a room without fire in January. After a bath and supper we were tired enough to retire for the night and take an early start in the morning to sightsee. When we arose in the morning it seemed as though we had entered a new world. The balmy mild atmosphere, the bright warm sunshine. Such a great change in country and climate. The pretty green foliage still on the trees did not appear to have felt any frost. The tropical plants all in bloom in the parks and on the lawns; one would never be reminded

that it was then the first of January. To us, at that time, Jacksonville appeared to be the real "Garden spot of the world." I had often read much of the state and its mild climate and heard much of its real beauty, but upon beholding it myself I could then see and realize its attractions. One must have the real pleasure and experience all within themselves to derive the depths of its grandeur.

I was so charmed with all the surroundings in and about the city. It is situated on the St. Johns River. This river is one of the very few that flows due north. The large ocean steamers sail into the Jacksonville harbor. We enjoyed a week in this city, taking in all the places of interest around and in the place. Went out to different parks, a long and nice street car ride, where even nature seems to know just how to attire herself in these places of scenic and picturesque grandeur; the silence is impressive and so vast. The Spanish moss, hanging and beautifully draped upon the trees by nature, so perfectly that it has the appearance as though decorated by real human hands being brought into action. The song birds pealing forth their sweet melodies; it is an appeal to a sense we do not use or have any knowledge of in our everyday life. You listen to the birds' sweet notes, the soft rustle of the grasses, the sound of the wind in the tree tops, the tinkle of the waves breaking on the lake shore. One could devote much time to the subject of the atmosphere so mild and pleasant, of the winds that carry with them the suggestion of plants, the woods, the sweet

odor of the flowers; these thoughts forced home the fact that here is a country where, at least, a few persons can bid good-by to many discomforts of the cold, bleak northern Winters that invariably bring so much suffering and added expense.

The Spanish Moss, I was informed, had its usefulness as well as its attractions. It was gathered and put through a killing process, the outer covering peeling off leaving a substance resembling the mane and tail of a horse, this substance being used for the purpose of upholstering furniture and mattresses. The water hyacinth pads, spread over some of the rivers, are so dense that not a bit of the water in these streams can be seen, though it is very pretty to the observer; its beautiful bloom is a perfect sheet of lavender, as far up and down the stream as the eye can see. It is said that the channels have to be cleared by cutting them away by dredge boats.

We met some nice and sociable people from Iowa at the same Hotel, and we all decided to have a steamboat trip up St. Johns River to Sanford. The day for our departure was fixed and we looked forward to its coming with eagerness. We all well knew that it meant a jolly good time as well as pretty trip and be able to see much of the country round about. The boat was scheduled to leave Jacksonville at five o'clock P.M. Tuesday. All went aboard, everything provided for the convenience of our journey. It was a lovely trip. This peculiar stream is made up of deep channels and broad and wide lakes. In places the channels are

so narrow that one can stand on deck and touch the foliage on the trees. Then, shortly, wide lakes appear, so very wide that I imagine it would take one quite a long time to make the sail across them. The northern part of the state is not much of an orange country; I don't remember seeing any trees at all.

The next morning we were up as the steamer drew near Sanford, each passenger eager to catch a glimpse of the first orange tree with its fruit on it, all out on deck with field glasses. At last, in the distance, a small tree was observed, and with the aid of field glasses we were able to see a few scattering yellow oranges thereon. That truly was a wonderful sight to us then. About ten o'clock in the forenoon the vessel landed in the harbor at Sanford. A friend of the passengers from Iowa met us at the wharf. He was expecting them and had arranged a boarding place for us all in a private home where we had a nice room and plenty to appease the appetite, for Mrs. Wing was a most excellent cook and hostess. The old gentleman who was so accommodating, was an excellent man; we were pleased to know him he was so sociable and kind, but his work here is completed and God called him to his last reward several years since, as others that constituted our happy party.

Sanford is a very pretty little city, noted for its great production of celery and lettuce; the soil is good for any kind of trucking. There are many sulphur springs around the town; the water is so strong with the sulphur that it sends out its odor for quite

a distance. One can always tell when they are nearing Sanford by that sign. The orange and grape fruit are grown there in abundance. The first thing we proceeded to do was to start out for a walk and find an orange grove laden with its yellow, ripe fruit. We walked for a mile or more from Sanford and found what we were hunting; a lady came out and we told her we wanted to buy some oranges and get them right off the tree. She caught hold of a limb and pulled it down, asked me if I wished to gather them myself. I was glad to have to say that I had pulled them off with my own hand so I could write home to my sister and tell her all about it. Well, that was my first real delightful experience with an orange tree (but not the last). We sure did have, for the first time in our lives, more oranges than we could eat for only ten cents and for twenty-five cents we kept a big sack full in our room and ate as we liked. Before leaving Jacksonville we left orders for our mail to be forwarded to Sanford. The first time I went to the Post Office and asked if there was any mail for us the postmaster smiled and began to hand out our mail; there must have been twenty-five or thirty postcards and a number of letters, as well as papers. All I could well handle without a basket. We had enough to keep us employed that afternoon reading them all. Mrs. Wing was a nice little hostess and did all she could to give us a good time while boarding with her.

In the meantime I learned that the first Grand Matron of the Florida Order of the Eastern Star lived in San-

ford. A member of her family took notice of my Eastern Star pin and asked me to call to see her (which I did). After a very pleasant hour with her she invited me to visit the Chapter on Friday night, saying that they were booked for a visit from the Grand Matron on that evening. We took advantage of the invitation and went; we met with a hearty welcome from them all; after the adjournment they served lovely refreshments. That was the first Chapter I had ever visited out of my own native state, but it was not the last.

Mrs. Wing and I oft times walked to the pier out at Lake Monroe and watched the fishermen haul in the fish. Lake Monroe is a very pretty body of water, so smooth and placid. The lake helps to form the St. Johns River. We remained in Sanford for two weeks and enjoyed every moment of our stay. When we prepared to make our departure it was with a tinge of regret, for we had learned to love our dear little hostess very much indeed and were loath to leave her.

CHAPTER XX.

Our sojourn ended at Sanford. We turned our faces toward Orlando, arriving there late in the afternoon. We certainly fell in love with this exceedingly pretty little city, with its fine old oaks and lofty palms that make the delightful shade along the streets and parks; its lovely flowers, vine-clad walls, with bright colored blooms hanging in great profusion and grace, surrounded by deep and finely formed lakes. The latter lie like mirrors deep down below you. The reflections of the trees and pretty villas that surround the lakes are as clear and sharp as though made by an artist's brush. The memories of these attractive places can never be obliterated from one's mind; no one can go away from them without picking up impressions that will last, as also the immense orange groves, this being in the orange belt. One can never imagine without seeing them, the wonderful amount of ripe juicy fruit an orange tree can contain; one has to see them, gather them off the tree, and eat them at the time, still a description would not be equal to them.

When groves are in full bloom, in March and April, the air is filled with the fragrance of the bloom; the snowy white petals, showing out among the green foliage is a pleasing sight. A pretty contrast of

color. The sight of an orange tree in full bloom, while not quite so showy as an apple tree in its blooming season, still is one to make the onlooker charmed and delighted. It must be remembered that the orange tree is an evergreen. The soil of Florida seems to be especially adapted to the orange and grapefruit though other citrus fruit is grown, but not quite so well. Some writer has said that it is probable that Spanish explorers doubtless dropped the seed that later must have sprung up and flourished, for the earliest colonies from the states found large groves of wild oranges all over the state. I have been informed that the citrus fruit will grow anywhere in the state except on the marsh and muck land, while the orange and grapefruit are found up to the northern limits of the state, still the real home of the tree is in the southern two-thirds of the peninsula. I have wandered away from the city to an extent so will commence again where I left off.

On Sunday morning, our first time to go to church, the sermon was delivered by a visiting minister; I well remember his eulogy upon Orlando; he said he had his subject fixed, but after beholding the beauty and grandeur of the city he would change it, to the beauty and grandeur of the Heavenly Mansion, and compared the city of Orlando, in his imagination, to the Great and beautiful city in the beyond, to which he believed it was typical in its perfect beauty.

We were pleasantly located. A number of very sociable people had their meals at the same hotel.

One evening while in the parlor waiting for the announcement of supper, in a pleasant conversation with some parties from West Virginia (Harrison County), I learned that they lived near Bridgeport. I, of course, had become very much interested; asked some questions, if they had ever known any of the Harmison family. I was informed by a lady that she had known them all; that Dr. Late had been their family physician and that Mr. Harmison's brother Billie married her double cousin. I then began to feel that the world was not so large after all, and that I had fallen in with home people and not among strangers. Thereafter we became fast friends; were together quite a good bit of the rest of our stay. We spent much of our time strolling around the city and those charming lakes, until the time for the county fair, which was about the middle of February, lasting three days. We took in all of it, enjoyed seeing the products of the county, which was very good indeed. All kinds of vegetables, citrous fruits, as also improved stock. The hogs that were exhibited were good, as also the cows and poultry. There were some nice appearing race horses, and the fancy work made by some of the ladies, their quilts and other domestic productions such as jellies, preserves, all kinds of canned goods, were fine. We enjoyed it all very much indeed.

I was not in a hurry to leave Orlando, but we were mapped for other points and the Winter was waning, so we deemed it necessary to pack up our belongings

and move on to the more southern part of the state. I had a friend and also she was a distant relative, living at Bowling Green, Florida, who wrote us that we must be sure to make her a visit before leaving the state; that she would not take any excuse. She was from Paintsville, one of our own adjoining towns, and we appreciated her pressing invitation, and wrote her as soon as the county fair was over we would be glad to make the visit. Her husband was pastor of the Baptist Church at that place. We were glad to think of the time when we should have the real pleasure of being with them again.

We had met some lovely people at Orlando who had helped to make our stay pleasant; and were loath to leave them, but, always remembering that "The best of friends have to part," bade them all good-by and took our departure for Bowling Green.

CHAPTER XXI.

As we were nearing Bowling Green I became more anxious each moment to reach our journey's end; my cousins were at the station to meet us, and to say it was a joyful meeting does not express it, for we were so glad to be with them. Bowling Green, at that time, was only a very small village, only a few dwelling houses, two small stores, a bank, one blacksmith shop and two unfinished churches, Methodist and Baptist. No pavements at all. That has been ten years ago. Many and marked have been the changes since then. Good concrete sidewalks now all over the town and some of the streets are brick paved, good business houses of brick and some very nice dwelling houses; indeed, a pretty located little village. A few days of our visit all went well, until one morning very early the minister, Mr. Martin, fell suddenly ill and for days we thought his recovery doubtful. Instead of a week or two's visit with them, it extended into about five weeks. We, of course, could not think of leaving her at that crucial time; she badly needed our help and presence as she had to give her whole time at his bedside and the work had to be done. After three weeks of intense suffering he began to recover. We then commenced to make our arrangements to move on. It was then Springtime and

our tour had not yet come to an end, but they insisted that we must remain with them until some of their plans that they had mapped out for our pleasure should be brought into effect; there was nothing else for us to do but acquiesce, and we remained a while longer.

When he became able to travel, the first place they had considered was a trip to Gasparilla Island. It is situated three miles out in the Gulf of Mexico. A railroad now runs out there and daily trains. Boca Grande is the city, which, I presume, by this time has about covered all the space of the island. This island is noted for its history of the pirate of whom it bears its name. The pirate, Gasparillo, many years ago, 'tis said, captured and plundered many vessels. After taking all the money and other valuables, killing all the men aboard, then capturing all the women, taking them to this island, he built a large house for them and kept them his captives. They, of course, had no way of escape and had to remain there. History says he stole \$17,000,000 of Spanish money from Spanish ships and that he had it hidden on this island. There are large excavations on this island; people say they were dug trying to find the stolen coin, but it has never been found. However, after time had elapsed he was at last captured and taken to this island and hung in the presence of the ladies, and then they all were liberated. There is a good harbor and some of the large ships sail into the port. Plenty of phosphate is being shipped from its port. Fish and oysters are numerous, too. As the trains pass over the long bridge one can

look out of the car windows and see numerous fish of all sizes and different kinds in the shallow water, swimming and playing.

That night after we went to our room at the hotel we could hear the angry waves lashing the shore; the full moon was shining in all her brilliancy and glory; the night appeared too pretty to retire and lose sight of the grandeur surrounding it. I donned my wrap and we walked out to the beach and watched those great, white capped waves as they angrily lashed the shore, with such force that the sound reverberated throughout the island; these sounds really made me feel strange. A feeling I cannot describe; suffice it to say it makes one feel how powerless we mortals are and how insignificant. We think of the ingenuity of man, how great things are, that he is master of, but they all sink into insignificance, when compared to the great ocean which he is powerless to control. Naturally our mind will then revert to Him who walked upon the water and calmed the troubled sea; even the wind and waves obey His will, when He commanded the stormy deep to be still. Again this scene came to me as food for much thought.

The next morning we four walked down to the beach; there were great heaps of pretty sea shells of all sizes and of different shape; some very tiny and some quite large. We gathered a large bundle of them. I wished to make a portière of them to take home with me. I said laughingly, "This makes one imagine he has found Gasparilla's stolen Spanish coin." I shall always be

glad we went to that place; it was well worth the time and money spent. The island is said to be seven miles around and three miles wide. We were there two days I believe, and explored about all of it.

A friend of Mr. and Mrs. Martin's came around one afternoon in his car and took us to Avon Park, about twenty-seven miles from Bowling Green. The road ten years ago was not so good as it is at the present day. However, we had a delightful trip even if the road was rough. Then Avon Park was only a small place, a store, a few houses, a large hotel was about all I could see. No sidewalks at all; nothing but a sandy walk. The last time I was there, about three years ago, there was quite a marked change in the place; modern, up-to-date business houses, pretty homes, a network of fine pavements and a very attractive and pretty little city of no small dimension.

The March days flew by rapidly and it was now almost April; the time had now come for us to take our departure, although after the patient recovered we had a most delightful visit with them. We regretted no little to say good-by. In fact, the very thought of separating from them brought tears to our eyes; such is life. We had a hope of returning in the Fall (which we did). There is a maxim used in Florida, that "Once sand gets into your shoes you surely will return."

Tampa being the last place mapped out on our program on Florida sand, we then proceeded in that direction, arriving there in due time. The following evening I was seated on the porch at the hotel in conver-

sation with one of the guests ; it was almost dark when two strange ladies came up and enquired where the Masonic Hall was ; the desired information being given by the lady, the idea occurred to me that they were members of the Order of the Eastern Star. I said, "Are you ladies members of the O. E. S.?" to which one answered, "Yes." I then said, "I am, too." They then asked me to accompany them to visit the Chapter as they understood that it was the regular meeting night. I then asked where they were from and they said, "from Kentucky." I then asked from what part of Kentucky, and they said Owensboro. I responded hurriedly, "Owensboro, one of our Grand officers lives there, Mrs. Sadie Quigley." She then said, "I'm Mrs. Quigley." I then told her I was Josie M. Davidson, a member of Adah Chapter, Prestonsburg, and that I would be glad to accompany them and visit Tampa Chapter. It seemed good to be with a Kentucky friend and sister Star in a strange city. The members of Tampa Chapter soon made us feel at home with them. Lest I forget to mention it later on, I will here say when she became Grand Matron of the State of Kentucky, I had the pleasure of entertaining her in my Prestonsburg home (when she visited our Chapter). The Tampa Chapter that night arranged to have a turkey supper and invited us all to attend ; we had a good time that night and a better time the following Friday night at the turkey supper. The next afternoon she called around at the hotel and spent the evening with us. It was then daylight, and my husband

asked me if I remembered one day while we were at Orlando he came in from the postoffice and told me that he saw such a pretty little woman pass in front of the postoffice building; he said she had the real appearance of a little Kentucky widow. I then recalled to my mind the circumstances, and sure enough it was Mrs. Quigley, and she is also a widow, and was in Orlando all the time we were, and attended the county fair, and we never met there nor knew that we either were in the place at the time.

Rooming across the hall from us was a gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Neff. I soon became very fond of her and oftentimes found myself visiting her in her apartment. Her face was strangely familiar to me. I, of course, knew that I had never seen her before, but every time I was in her presence I could not help but feel that she was no real stranger, or in other words, something drew me to her that I could not in a way understand. One day, while in conversation with her, I mentioned something about Catlettsburg; she at once asked me if I knew any one at Catlettsburg and told me that she had relatives living there, the Browns and Hamptons, also others. I then understood where the resemblance came from at once, and told her that her relatives were friends of mine, and that I had two cousins to marry two of her cousins. I then figured out the one that she resembled so much (Mrs. McClintock), formerly Maggie Brown. Then, again, I was reminded that "the world is not so large after all." Since that time ten years have passed and we have been fast

and devoted friends and make it convenient to visit each other occasionally. I find them to be lovely people and staunch friends; they have only one daughter; she then was in college at Deland, but has since married a Mr. Smith.

We were in Tampa about two weeks and, in the language of King David of old, came away saying "My lines have fallen in pleasant places." Tampa is one of the most beautiful cities in south and west Florida; it is situated upon that beautiful body of water, Tampa Bay. The largest of ocean steamers run up this bay and into Tampa harbor; ships are built here and it is a fine shipping port. After seeing so much of the beauties and picturesque grandeur of the state I again felt like the Queen of Sheba when she visited King Solomon, "That the half had never been told." I then wrote a little poem, describing our tour in a condensed form. I give it here in full:

"A TRIP THROUGH A PART OF FLORIDA.

Jacksonville we were first to land,
The largest city on Florida's sand,
Its pretty flowers, and growing plants so green,
As pretty as any we ever have seen.

In this city a week we spent,
Thence up St. John's River we went.
This stream made up with channels and lakes,
To reach its head, several hours it takes.

Lake Monroe loomed up to our view,
Its water so placid, so still, so blue,
Soon out on its bosom our vessel sailed,
And the little town of Enterprise we hailed.

Lucky Sanford, a pretty little city, next we came,
Noted for celery and lettuce just the same,
The stately palms, the sulphur springs.
Here two weeks pleasantly spent with the wings.

Then to Orlando, beautiful and fair,
A city of the 'Sunny South,' few can compare,
Many lakelets around there lies,
Which afford the fishermen a veritable paradise.

The fruit so plentiful, the climate so mild,
Here we remained for quite a while.
The county fair was very fine,
The products exhibited were every kind.

Bowling Green, a little town on the line,
Nestling among some of Florida's pines.
To this place next we went,
It seemed as by Providence we were sent.

For reasons why I here explain,
Sickness caused us to remain.
With helping hands we tried to aid,
The patient who on his sick bed laid.

Gasparilla, an isle in Mexico's Gulf,
Whose waters at times are very rough.
On this island made by God's unseen hand,
Is built the little city of Boca Grande.

The Pirate Gasparilla, whose name this isle bears,
Many stolen treasures he hid here unawares.
'Tis a legend, the Spanish coin he hid underground,
Even to this day has never been found.

Tampa, a city situated on the bay,
On the west coast of Florida it lay.
Two weeks a good time there we had,
When the time to depart made us quite sad.

Our tour through Florida at Tampa did end;
There we had made many a new friend,
Many we loved, as others we had met,
As we bade them adieu, with many regrets."

CHAPTER XXII.

Just at eleven o'clock the steamship raised anchor and steamed slowly away from the Tampa harbor. I stood on deck and watched the wharf receding and questioned myself, will I ever see the place again? Mr. Neff came to the wharf with us and remained until we were off, then with a wave of his hand in a last good-by to us. Another question arose in my mind, will we ever meet again? When visiting us afterwards he said the same thoughts were uppermost in his mind. Soon all that could be seen of the receding city was a dim outline of the part that lay along the shore, then entirely gone; nothing visible to us but the sky and water. We soon sailed out in the Gulf of Mexico; when in mid-ocean a seasickness took hold of some of the passengers, I being a lucky one, seemed exempt from that affliction that mars the pleasure of a sea voyage to so many. Fishing lines were kept in the water on both sides of the vessel; the next morning a large jacksnapper fish was caught on one of the hooks; it took two men to pull it upon deck. It was fine, weighed 45 pounds. The cook baked it and made a delicious dressing for dinner that day. A number of passengers were fed and had enough.

The second day I began to think we never would have

an opportunity of seeing any of our friends again for we had a dreadful storm at sea. It raged furiously, throwing the angry waves entirely over the ship. I observed the surging billows come with such force and power, rolling until they would strike the steamer, break asunder and recede foaming, seething, white-capped and again come forward with a lash, which seemed as though it would break asunder the ship, then one with more force would rush up on it and roll entirely over; it seemed as though we all would be engulfed. How powerless I again felt that we were in the hands of our Creator; if ever a time calls forth for a continued prayer to Him who rules the mighty ocean, it is at a time like that. From nine o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon the storm raged without ceasing, then a heavy rainfall calmed the sea. The ship to an extent ceased its dreadful tossing. Mr. Davidson was so seasick that he kept his berth most all the voyage, as some others did, I being more fortunate.

Before dark the third day we discovered that the blue hue of the water was turning into a muddy color; we then knew the water from the Mississippi River and those that were troubled with seasickness began to be relieved; sometime during the night we passed through the mouth of the river; this I regretted for I had always had a desire to see those jetties or walls I had read and heard of but when the morning light shone we were sailing up the river, to my disappointment, but much to be thankful for to thus know we

were still living and safe thus far. I had, all my natural life, had a great desire for an ocean voyage; I had then had it, and an experience also that I never want another one similar to, although I am glad all occurred just as it did and no visible harm to any of the passengers on board, except a fright. I now recall it with much interest and would be delighted to take another if I knew it would remain calm. The remaining part of the voyage up the river was in daylight. I was surprised that New Orleans was so far from the mouth of the river, one hundred and three miles. The steamer went into New Orleans port about three o'clock P.M., after almost four days and three nights. New Orleans is one of the grand old cities in the south, very beautiful and interesting; has railway connections with all the important cities of the United States and also an excellent harbor on the Mississippi River. It has grown to be the largest center of trade in the southern states. "A vast amount of cotton is shipped to Europe yearly, valued at almost \$100,000,000," it also has a large trade in sugar and rice. New Orleans has also had a rapid growth in manufacturing. Many interesting things are to be seen around that grand old historic city.

The city of the dead is one of the largest cemeteries I have ever been in; the water is so near the earth's surface that it makes it impossible for their dead to be buried underground, so all the dead are put in sealed tombs above the ground. We could have spent days in this cemetery and perhaps then failed to see many

of those tombs. I must say it is a wonderful as well as pretty ground.

One day, while sightseeing in the different streets, we came to a pretty little park with beautiful flower beds, shrubs and green grass all well kept. A statue in the midst, of an old lady in quaint old-time dress and apron, the strings tied in a bow, a small breakfast shawl, sitting in an old-time splint-bottom chair, her hair done up in a quaint little knot on the back of her head; all this in perfect sculpture, just as natural as life itself, with only one word carved on it, and that was "Margaret." This was somewhat a puzzle to us and we made inquiry and learned that years ago a good woman lived in the city and was immensely rich, and that she spent her whole life and fortune in the slums of that city, caring for the poor and the sick who were not able to help themselves, and that was the real everyday dress that she always appeared in. She erected a hospital and home for the orphans; these buildings, erected by her hospitality, all stand around that little park. After her death the people erected this statue to her memory and put it in the park overlooking these charitable buildings she had erected for the helpless. That was Margaret, only known as Margaret.

We saw in a paper where the steamer, "Queen City," was on its way to New Orleans, coming from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with an excursion of Pittsburgh people and was due at five o'clock on the coming Saturday. That was just what we most wished for, a trip up

the Mississippi River and on a large steamer, and now the opportunity to take it in effect. Eleven days were spent in that grand old historic city. The coming Sabbath was Easter; the steamboat came in and laid over until Monday; we were delighted to have an opportunity of staying and seeing how Easter was observed. We visited two Catholic churches. I wanted to see the Easter decorations and how their religious rites were observed on that day. I took it all in.

The hotel that we were at was kept by a French family; they were very nice and accommodating. New Orleans is quite a cosmopolitan city, so we had an opportunity to learn some of their customs, ways of living, manner of cooking, etc. It is all so different from our ways. This was a lesson to me and some lessons I shall never forget; things one does not often come in contact with in our everyday life.

The levee along the river was a curiosity to me; I would climb to the top and overlook the city, the river being above it. I could not feel entirely secure as I did in other places. The river, too, at that time was at its highest stage; some very heavy rains fell while we were there; I was glad when the time came for us to move on. Monday, bright and sunshiny, came; the Queen City was scheduled to pull out at five o'clock P.M.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Promptly at the scheduled time the "Queen City," with her load of Pittsburg passengers and others also, pulled out from the New Orleans harbor and commenced her sail up the Mississippi River. The view was grand; we spent the remaining part of daylight sitting out on deck, viewing the interesting scene around; the beautiful sunset, its reflection on the water, charming colors and delicate tints more beautiful than the perfect tints of an artist's brush. The river was at high tide, on account of the recent heavy rainfall over the surrounding country. They served elegant meals; everything to tempt the appetite. The finest cook that could be obtained in Pittsburg, in fact everything to give real comfort and pleasure to their passengers. When night came on we had some trouble with the Mississippi mosquitoes, but as we advanced up the river they soon disappeared altogether and we were rid of that pest, nothing remaining but a prospect of a most enjoyable journey. Music was furnished for the voyage by an orchestra on board. The débris was running thick and occasionally a large piece would strike the boat and disable it, then they would anchor for repairs. While this was being accomplished we would climb upon top of the levee and gather wild flowers, en-

joying the ramble immensely, until the whistle would remind us that it was time for our return, that the steamer was in readiness to resume her journey.

The first daylight landing was at Vicksburg; this place is built on the bluffs of the Mississippi, and is said to be one of the important cotton markets on the great river; here we had a stop for three hours, thus giving us all time for sightseeing. We hired cars and drove around the historic battle ground and national cemetery. To me this was an unexpected pleasure; a place I had never thought would be my good fortune to see. It all came about so suddenly I could scarcely realize just where we were. A three hours' drive gave us time to see quite a good bit of the surrounding country around Vicksburg. The next three hours' stop was at Memphis. We went for a walk up in the city; there was quite a change in the city since 1900, when we last visited it, the time I have heretofore spoken of. Cairo was the next stop, but nightfall, and quite chilly, too, kept us from going up in the city. Paducah was the next stop but it being early in the morning prevented a ramble there. I was again made happy by seeing the mountains of our own state loom up to view. On the voyage up the Ohio River a cave was pointed out to us far up on the side of the mountain which the robber, John A. Murrel, and some of his gang had occupied; it had the appearance of a safe rendezvous for such characters. That was below Hawsville. In passing the farm owned by my friend at Hawsville, where Mrs. Harkins and I visited years

ago, of which I have spoken in these early pages, I went to the top of the boat with a hope of getting a glimpse of some member of the family, but was doomed to disappointment. The house and evergreen trees in the yard looked familiar to me but no sign of any one. We had been on this trip eight days, this being Monday again. At eleven o'clock that night we were landed at the wharf at Louisville safe. We were booked for a little visit with our two nephews who were in business there, one a dentist and the other a physician; at twelve o'clock that night we found ourselves at the hotel. Our breakfast over we then repaired to the office of our nephew, the dentist, now Lieutenant A. L. Hill; also had the other nephew, Dr. Davidson, come around and we all passed the day together; we had them go to the hotel and take dinner with us. After seeing them and spending the day we had nothing else to detain us longer at Louisville.

Again at five o'clock P.M. we boarded the steamer, City of Cincinnati, and were off for Cincy; at eight o'clock next morning we landed at the Cincinnati wharf. I had written my sister and one of our nieces the time we expected to arrive at Cincinnati and for them to join us there for a few days. They came in on the four o'clock P.M. train that same day; that was a happy meeting; we had not seen any one from our home for several months. We bought our Spring goods and did our shopping; another week went by like a flash. In the meantime the "Queen City" had gone on to Pittsburg and deposited her freight

and returned to Cincinnati. We were apprised of the fact and that she would be ready to leave port that afternoon; we thought it would be nice for us to again take passage and go as far as Catlettsburg (which we did)—an eight days' continual journey and on the same boat would naturally make one feel very much at home—so we shipped our trunks and presented ourselves at the wharf, again taking passage. The crew, captain, clerk and porter all appeared to be very much delighted to see and have us again as their passengers; this time we had added two more to our party, my sister and niece, then Lackey Davidson, but now Mrs. Roberts. We had good music, as she played well; the captain said if we could have had her with us while coming up the Mississippi River that the music would have been much improved. Suffice it to say we again had a most delightful trip, arriving at Catlettsburg about 1 o'clock P.M., having our trunks transferred to the station ready for the 4 P.M. train for up Sandy. All then went up to see our Cousin Mrs. Captain Hopkins and spent the remaining time in waiting with them, thence on our journey up the Big Sandy for home, after four months' absence.

We arrived there May 2nd. The following day being Sunday and a funeral in the afternoon, I was enabled to see many of the home friends at once.

Two weeks after our return I received a letter written me by a friend, then living in Pikeville but has since moved to Oregon. It seemed that the letter was written me soon after we left Kentucky for Florida; it

followed me and went to every postoffice address where we received our mail; at Tampa it seemed to have lost our trail and slowly begun to retrace its way back; we left no directions at Tampa in regard to mail matter because of the fact that we did not expect to remain long enough in New Orleans to receive any, and our friends were apprised of the fact that we were on our way home. The Summer was waning and we had not seen Andrew since our return from the South; we had learned before leaving Tampa that he had been sent from Louisa back to his stepmother's father's home on Beaver Creek; this was good news to us, for we were well aware of the fact that he would be kindly cared for by her parents, and thereafter our minds were more at rest in regard to his welfare.

It being now the second week in August we had been invited to visit some friends on Beaver, Mr. Stewart being one that had given us a special invitation to come and see Andrew. There was to be a big meeting up there on Sunday and we took advantage of the occasion; went on train to the mouth of Beaver, thence from there we hired a team and driver to take us on the rest of the way, so up the creek we went, arriving at Mr. Stewart's home. The very first person we saw was dear little Andrew standing in the yard; he looked so fragile, so emaciated, almost a shadow. Of course my crushed heart I could not relieve until I gave way to tears in an outburst of grief. He stood as one petrified for a while; they had not apprised him of our expected visit, and it seemed as

though he could not for a while realize what it all meant. The family gave us a warm welcome, Andrew's father not being at the house at the time, coming in after dark. By this time they had given up their teaching in the school at Louisa; she was teaching the public school at her father's home place. From the general appearance of the child we realized the situation and knew if something was not speedily done for him that it would only be a question of time until he would join his mother in the great beyond. Observing the situation and realizing its true meaning, there was not much sleep for me that night; in silence I watched the rising moon as she slowly pushed her way through the leafy screen on the mountain top; higher and higher she climbed until her rays fell into the valley below, and the drifting mists from the ridge became a sea of ghostly light. A weird scene almost supernatural in its beauty. This scene was so in keeping with my troubled heart; at last, the mists seemed to clear away and I fell into a troubled slumber. The morning gave promise of a bright day; our thoughts being put into action as to what was the best course to pursue, we well knew the Stewart family was with us into whatsoever we wished, but there was Andrew's father who was so obstinate. Well we understood that when the subject was brought up a stormy scene would ensue. We consulted with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and decided to take no steps until Tuesday, when our visit with them would be at an end. We then asked his father, in a kind manner, to let us bring

Andrew home with us; he of course as we had expected, refused; we then informed him of discoveries, which he was not aware that we had any knowledge of, and then he relented and did agree very readily. We took him home the next day and have had him ever since; that has been nine years ago.

CHAPTER XXIV.

By and by the summer came to an end, bringing the autumn days with the change of the green foliage of the trees, and plants to a brilliant gold and crimson, and russet brown, while the gray-blue haze that always hangs over those high hilltops took a change to a purple hue, then changed to a deeper, colder blue, when the leaves had fallen and the trees showed naked against the approaching Winter sky.

December now at hand we begun to arrange our affairs and make preparations for the Winter again in sunny Florida, this time with two extra to accompany us; my sister, in failing health, we persuaded her to go with us for the Winter. On the 9th of December we took our departure, stopping at different places of interest and to rest, to again make our appearance in the little town of Bowling Green, Florida. The first thing we then proceeded to do was to rent a house and prepare for housekeeping; this we accomplished without difficulty, and then we went to the furniture store to buy just enough furniture that was necessary; I wished to have a complete change in my housekeeping and learn how little I could keep house with. We purchased a few dollars' worth, a very small wood stove, which almost seemed like a toy stove, when all

my life I had been accustomed to cooking on a large coal range, the novelty of the great change was enchanting; I really felt as though I was young again and just starting out in life. This of course did not last a great while. There was not much work to do and with so little to do a complete rest awaited me. We purchased a large orange grove just a mile from Bowling Green. This was the link, as well as the love, that had sprung up in my heart for the good, kind people of the town that connected the link that bound us here and lengthened the chain for nine years.

In January our niece and husband, also little girl, joined us for the rest of the Winter; this indeed made a very pleasant home party, seven then in number; we all lived together and had a happy time. In February we were fortunate enough to secure a better residence, one that had the comfort of a fireplace. We then made our first move, which was but little trouble, as we had but little to transfer. I will here say that was the first move, but not our last. We were then more pleasantly situated and all seemed to enjoy the Winter exceedingly. Andrew now had a nice little playmate and they spent most of their time out in the sunshine; just what they most needed. Andrew began to improve in health and to grow a little.

At that time Bowling Green was noted only for its good and generous people, a very healthy place and mild climate. At that period not much improvement in progress, it being a comparative new place; there has been much improvement since though. Thus,

the Winter went by and the Spring came again, with its soft beauty of tender, new green leaves, dressing up the trees afresh, its wealth of early blossoms and sweet fragrance of growing plants.

The Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star of Florida was arranged to assemble at Jacksonville early in April; my Cousin Mrs. Martin was appointed to represent the Bowling Green Chapter in the Grand Chapter; she accepted the honor and went; I with her, as I then had two good housekeepers to leave in charge, my sister and niece, Mrs. Garnett. With nothing to think of but have a good time. A number of O. E. S. members at each station was added and by the time we reached our destination we had formed a lot of new acquaintances. It was a very interesting session as well as instructive. This was the first time I had ever had the privilege of attending a Grand Chapter out of my own state and I was desirous to see and learn if there was any difference in conducting the affairs of the different states; I found them similar to ours. We were there three days; after the adjournment we stayed a day longer, so as to visit the places of interest; those were happy days; I recall them with many pleasant memories; green spots that will always remain fresh and sweet.

The next morning we turned our faces and attention towards home; we had an uneventful journey back and found upon our return that all had gone well in our absence. April soon flitted away and May came, reminding us that the time was now approaching for

us, like the birds, to make preparations for a cooler clime, and turned our faces towards our Kentucky home, after storing our household goods. We then left Bowling Green the first week in May, spending a day or two at Jacksonville. One day we went out to the Ocean Beach and took an ocean bath in the Atlantic; the two children were perfectly overwhelmed with delight at the sight of the great deep blue sea; the scene was so enchanting to them they scarcely knew what to do with themselves. It was a glorious day; so wonderful for those who had never before seen the great ocean; it went by all too soon, and we had, of course, to go back to the city when the time was up for the little train to leave that was to carry us back.

The following day we left Jacksonville for Cincinnati. It was necessary for Andrew's eyes to have the attention of a specialist, so we remained in Cincinnati for several days to have them undergo a thorough examination and treatment; his eyes were condemned to glasses and he has worn them ever since and, I presume, will have to wear them all his natural life. The latter part of May we found ourselves at home where much Spring work awaited me; such a housecleaning and I had quite a lot of visitors during that Summer and Fall. I cannot now recall anything of much interest that occurred during our stay at home. The approach of Fall again was a gentle reminder that the time was drawing near for us to get ready for our journey back south. It was in November that we took

our departure. We had planned for a little visit at Louisa with some friends and relatives that were growing old, and we realized that they could not live but a short time and perhaps it would be the last time we would ever meet this side of eternity (and, it was); they have since gone to their other home. We spent a few days in Cincinnati shopping and thence again we were on our way to the Sunny South. We stopped at Chattanooga for a few days to take in the sights of that old historical city, which is so famous on account of the scenes in connection with the late Civil War. When we were in Chattanooga in 1910 we were prevented from seeing any of the points of interest on account of being kept in the hotel by a downpour of rain all the time we were there; now an opportunity offered itself and we took advantage of it. We hired a touring car and the morning was spent in driving around Chickamauga Park, Missionary Ridge, the Cemetery and all those famous points of interest surrounding the city. While in Chickamauga Park we climbed to the top of General Wilder's monument and had a good view of the country from the tower. Andrew took it all in with the interest of a man. Finishing the morning's tour we then went back to the hotel; after dinner another famous place was mapped out for the afternoon's pleasure. The trip upon Lookout Mountain; dinner served, and we again were off for the mountain. We decided we wanted to go up the incline on the car because of the novelty; a wait for a few moments in the little station until the

car came down, then we were seated, starting for an experience not offered to one in a lifetime; up, up we went, our faces looking downward, the little station growing smaller and smaller to our view until it appeared almost as small as a bird cage, then was lost to our view. The thought occurred to me that we must be almost to the top; I then turned in my seat and looked upward; we were in a spot almost perpendicular; indeed it looked almost frightful and still the top could not be seen; I was much relieved when the top was reached and again we stepped out of the little car. A guide was engaged by the explorers and conducted us around and explained all the interesting things to us. He took us to the many famous places and showed us a high point on which, when a clear day, one could see into seven states, but that afternoon was so smoky that we could not see very far into the distance. At the base of the mountain is a small city, St. Elmo, in which Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson wrote her famous novel *St. Elmo*, and the place was named for the book. There was so much to be seen and was food for thought. How I wish I could remember it all; then the thought came to me of the battle fought and the many brave boys that fell, the suffering and anxiety, the poor heart broken wives and mothers that were left to mourn. How they ever ascended to the top of that mountain and how a battle could be fought on such a rough place, but now there are several convenient ways; a nice broad highway for cars, a little trolley line and street cars as also the

incline I have just mentioned. We went to a spring gushing out from the mountain side and had a refreshing drink. It would be impossible for me to recall all those different, interesting points and scenes that were pointed out, as I took no notes at the time, not thinking that I ever would have an occasion to use them. There was so much that my mind could not grasp it all at seeing it only once. We concluded to go down as we had come up, on the incline. That was a day I gathered much knowledge of the great and wonderful things that surround that place. The day was then far spent when we landed at the base of the mountain; no time for further sightseeing as sun had set and the twilight now begun. By the time we got back to our hotel it was time for our evening meal and we were weary enough from our day's traveling about to rest for the remaining part of the evening and to retire early.

CHAPTER XXV.

Returned to Bowling Green again and we were very lucky indeed to procure one of the best houses in the place for the coming winter, so in a few days we were pleasantly located; the house being quite large for only three persons we had an opportunity to let some of the rooms to a young married couple. That made it quite lively and pleasant for us all. By this time we were getting accustomed to living in the same building with other families, and learning to like it.

One day I was walking up street when Mr. Minor, the cashier of the Bank of Bowling Green, driving along in his car, called to me, stopping his car; I observed there were others in the car with him. What strange fates we mortals sometimes meet with. "The unexpected always happens," and as I stepped up to the car he said, "Here is an old acquaintance of yours." I looked and who should it be but Mr. Lowe of Bridgeport, West Virginia, the lifelong friend of my first husband's family, and the same gentleman who was so kind as to come out to Huntington and be with us in our bereavement, when Mr. Harmison died; I had not seen him for years. Mr. Minor was originally from West Virginia and came to Bowling Green from Clarksburg; he also was an old friend of Mr. Lowe's.

I was delighted to see and renew our old acquaintance. He has for years, and still spends his winters in Orlando. Each successive spring he makes a short visit to Mr. Minor's family and we enjoy having him with us. He usually spends a day and dines with me. For an elderly gentleman we find him to be one of the most entertaining and interesting men I have ever met; very brilliant. We take delight in conversing with him. While calling one afternoon our conversation drifted to coincidences. As well as I remember, he took from his pocket a large envelope and drew from it a typewritten package and read it to us, in which was typewritten a chain of remarkable coincidences; these coincidences seem so strange and knowing all to be facts and in connection with his own life, too, I have decided to add them in this, my history. I am sure all readers will be much interested and, in his words, I herein record them.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING AND A REMARKABLE SERIES
OF COINCIDENCES.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." I hesitate to set down the following facts simply because they are facts but feel that the incidents here narrated and the coincidences revealed by them are not only easily substantiated, but are worthy of preservation. Let the reader be the judge. On the twenty-third day of September, 1918, I happened to be in the little town of Bridgeport, West Virginia, on business. Bridgeport is situated

on the old northwestern turnpike and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, five miles east of the city of Clarksburg. My business took me to the eastern suburbs of Bridgeport, and as I came to the intersection of the Boothsville and the County Road with the Northwestern turnpike, near the old brick Church, I saw a Ford automobile standing in the road, the occupants apparently awaiting my approach. When I drew near, one of the occupants, an elderly gentleman, asked me which road led to Clarksburg; from his appearance and question I judged that he was a stranger to the neighborhood, as well as myself, and I took pains to give him full directions. He thanked me, and then in a manner devoid of offense asked me, "Where do you live?" I replied, "I live in Shimston." "What is the name of the town ahead?" "Bridgeport," I told him. "Do you know a gentleman named John Lowe who lives in or near Bridgeport?" This was getting a trifle personal on the part of a total stranger and besides I thought it my turn to ask questions. I said, "Were you ever acquainted with John Lowe?" "Yes," he replied, "In the winter of 1854 and 1855, sixty-three years ago. The John Lowe I have in mind and I went to school together at Georgetown, Lewis County." I then asked him if he had been making an automobile trip through some of the Eastern States. He replied, "My son and I have been visiting one of my grandsons who is in military service at Camp Lee, Virginia, and are on our way home, having returned by way of Washington, Cumberland, Keyser, Fellowville and

Grayson, and are thus far on our way to Clarksburg." I further asked him where his home was. He said he lived at Georgetown on Little Skin Creek, Lewis County, West Virginia. I then asked him if his name was Percy C. Yoke; he said it was, and then in an agitated voice, betraying much emotion he exclaimed, "Who are you, and what is your name?" I replied, "I am John Lowe about whom you were inquiring." The effect of my reply was quickly manifested; in an instant, although well advanced in years, he was out of the automobile and had me in his embrace, pounding me on the back in the exuberance of his joy; my own gratification was no less than his. It is not often we meet near and dear friends after a lapse of sixty-three years. After the first transport of our unexpected meeting was over and we exchanged mutual inquiries as to one another's health and welfare, we found a comfortable seat and began the renewal of an acquaintance and friendship which was founded years before the Civil War. Our early friendship was partly the result of somewhat unusual circumstances. We both were born on the same day, April 12th, 1839; we were of the same height, and apparently of about the same weight. Our tastes were similar. These things seemed to form a sort of bond between us and cemented our friendship even in the early days of our acquaintance. In boyhood we were chums, always in close association in school and out. We sat on the same bench and recited the same book and chapter. Out of school we were always together whenever opportunity would

permit. Ofttimes we helped each other with work or chores and were always boon companions in play or sport, and we were always devoted to one another's welfare. I cannot account for our strong and unvarying friendship, unless it was due to our marvelous equality in physical and mental make-up. In many respects we were more alike than is usual with twins and the laws of nature and our being seemed to make us nearer than brothers. After we talked a while and resumed our old acquaintance, I remarked to him: "I infer from what you said when we met a while ago that you are married and have a family." His reply was to the point. He said, "I was married on the 8th of November, 1862, to a Miss Higginbotham of Buckhannon, West Virginia. We had born to us six children, four sons and two daughters. Five of them grew to manhood and womanhood and married. The youngest child, a daughter, died young. My wife died April 14th, 1891, from the effects of la grippe, which developed into pneumonia fever. We have fifteen grandchildren, ten grandsons and five granddaughters, all living save the youngest granddaughter. I make my home with my oldest son and reside on the farm that I lived on in my boyhood. So much for my married life. In turn what have you to report?" I replied as follows: "I was married on the 6th day of November, 1862, to a Miss Higginbotham of Greensburg, Pennsylvania; we had born to us six children, four sons and two daughters; five grew to manhood and womanhood and married. The next to the young-

est child, a daughter, died young. My wife died April 9th, 1891, from the effects of la grippe, which developed into pneumonia fever. My second child, a son, died May 6th, 1918. We have sixteen grandchildren, eleven grandsons and five granddaughters, all living save the third granddaughter. I make my home with my oldest son, through late Spring, Summer, and early Fall, at Shimston, W. Va., and spend my Winters in southern Florida." We found as our conversation proceeded that this remarkable similarity in personal family history still continued. Each of us had seven grandsons who have been drafted into military service of the United States for the great war; each has a grandson somewhere in France. In religious faith we are both Baptist; in politics both are Jeffersonian Democrats. We both are members of the Masonic Fraternity. As to vocation both are farmers of the old school and both wear the emblem of the Patrons of Husbandry and, as our ages would indicate, both have impaired hearing and eyesight. Can a more remarkable instance of personal and family similarities and coincidences be found in the United States? I doubt it.

In the Spring and Summer of 1855 I was employed as a clerk in my brother's store in Georgetown, Lewis County, West Virginia. This dear friend of mine, Perry C. Yoke, who checks up against me like another domino on every point of comparison, lived about one-half of a mile from the town. Notwithstanding the distance, we were together practically every day; we

just seemed to rub against each other on every occasion, so much so that our other associates called us the "Siamese Twins."

One night in October of the same year we were at an "Apple cutting" in the neighborhood where my friend has lived so long. The apple cutting continued until a late hour and in the small hours of morning we bade each other farewell, and never again saw each other until we met in the road at Bridgeport, West Virginia, September 23, 1918, nearly sixty-three years from the time we parted.

JOHN LOWE.

I will here say that a short time since, about three or four weeks ago he was with us looking fine.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Thus the Winter drifted away and nothing else of much interest occurred during the fleeting time. Spring had again come; in the early part of April my Cousin, Mrs. Martin, again was honored by her O. E. S. Chapter and sent as a delegate to represent the Bowling Green Chapter. I went with her the second time. Our trip up to Jacksonville was about the same as the Spring before, nothing occurring out of the ordinary. We had a nice time as we always do at those large assemblies, meeting up with old friends and forming new acquaintances.

The time was almost at hand for us to start back to our Kentucky home, when one evening Andrew was across the street playing with his little friends and neighbors, when their little dog bit him. The next morning the same dog bit another little boy. This was alarming and the dog was killed and his head sent to Jacksonville to the Pasteur Institute, and upon examination it was found to be mad. We were notified by wire. This of course almost prostrated me; I was nearly frantic. The father of the boy, my husband, also both of the children at once boarded the train for Jacksonville, taking the boys out to the institute. After consultation it was found that it was not necessary

for the boys to remain in the hospital for treatment, but could have our home physician, Dr. Crum, administer the treatment just as well and we have them at home. I was so uneasy, the strain upon my nerves was terrible. This necessitated our stay to be prolonged for twenty-one days longer, as the treatment had to be given twenty-one times. After the last of the treatment was given we were then ready and off, this being in May. A few miles north of Jacksonville we found ourselves in a wreck, but no injury save to the engine. This brought about a delay of several hours; they seemed to have some difficulty in removing the disabled engine from the track. Fortunately there was a work train a few miles in the rear. They brought the engine from it and pulled the train back to a little station, Fargo. This was not at all agreeable to be sidetracked in the hot sun on a hot day in May for so many hours but we were thankful it was no worse. That kept us from going into Macon, Georgia, on scheduled time. We had planned to spend the night there. Nevertheless we arrived in time for a little rest before the train came in that we were to resume our journey on to Chattanooga. When there we rested until the next day, thence on our way homeward bound. When taking a retrospective view of those trips for ten successive years it appears to be one continued routine of go, go, and one might think there was not much else being accomplished. Though I really like it, still we

work and neglect nothing that pertains to our personal welfare.

I had been home only a few days when I had another great shock that almost finished me. It was early in the morning, just light, I was aroused by a continual ringing of the doorbell; realizing that something had happened I rushed downstairs to find the cause of the alarm; the messenger brought the dreadful news that my sister's daughter (Mrs. Maggie May) had just been found dead in her bed; she had gone to her room to retire about ten o'clock the night before, apparently in perfect health. The shock after others I had sustained in life almost wrecked my nerves. As time fades away memories bring pictures, either gay or sad. Some of these pictures have been impressed on my memory and bring sad thoughts that I can never describe, for they are beyond description, and that is one of the many sad memories.

I will turn to thoughts that are more cheerful. My husband's nephew, Joe M. Davidson, one of the cashiers of the Bank Josephine at home, was a friend of Dr. Stucky, a fine surgeon of Louisville, Kentucky. On Christmas he sent the doctor one of the bank calendars, which was very pretty. Dr. Stucky then wrote him asking him to send one of the calendars to a friend of his living in Johnson City, Tennessee, saying he was one of the best friends he ever had and that the address was "James A. Martin, Johnson City, Tenn." Our nephew proceeded to grant the request and rolled one of the prettiest ones and wrapped it in

a large envelope with the Bank's lettering. The calendar, by some means fell from the wrapping. The calendar came back to the bank and the covering went on to James A. Martin. Of course he was somewhat puzzled to know what it had contained, and there being no other way to find out, he at once wrote to the bank for the necessary information, saying that he at one time had an uncle living in Prestonsburg, but knew he was dead and made inquiry concerning his family, requesting some of the officials of the bank to write him. Joe mentioned the circumstances in my presence. I then asked him if he or any of the others had written him. He said that they were so busy and through lack of time he had neglected it. I then told him if he would give me the letter that I would respond and save him the trouble. I at once came to the conclusion that he was my cousin, and the son of one of my father's brothers. I knew that this uncle had lived in Johnson City but was dead and his family was living there still, and that was all I ever had any knowledge of them. Joe told me the first time I came to the bank to remind him of it and he would give it to me. I never happened to think of it and consequently neglected to get it, so time went by.

The late Autumn again found us in our Florida home domiciled in the same large house that we lived in the previous winter, but with a different young married couple; instead of Mr. and Mrs. Blockson Bailey we had with us Mr. and Mrs. Halley Strickland, and another pleasant Winter with these splendid young

people. We all became very much attached to each other and the very best of friends today.

Some time, however, had elapsed since I had promised myself that I would write my Cousin James A. Martin, at Johnson City, but one is so prone to neglect, even when their intentions are good. I then proceeded to carry my intention into effect. Feeling almost positive that he had never heard of one of his cousins that was as obscure and insignificant as myself, I resolved to introduce myself to him in the form of a letter. I then wrote him and gave the information as well as I could of all our relatives that I was in possession of. In a very few days I was the recipient of an answer to my letter which was indeed very interesting, giving me much information concerning relatives I had never had any knowledge of or even of their existence. He said that his mother was still living, and in good health comparatively, and that she lived in Johnson City, too. I had no knowledge of an aunt that was living until then. I really supposed that they were all dead. I then began to devise some plan to see her and later on I will speak of how I carried those resolutions into effect. Thus, this beginning of our acquaintance has proved to be the means of many pleasant and delightful associations, a little later on, and it all came about by a Bank Calendar.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the meantime the novelty of keeping house on so small a scale and renting houses wore off. I came to the conclusion that I wanted something better, and realizing the fact that we were here to stay at least half of the year, we purchased a convenient little new cottage and consequently another move was made. This move was more encouraging. Then we began to add to our household effects and do real housekeeping. I have found lovely neighbors wherever we have lived, thus making me feel very much at home with them all.

Just after our arrival the first of December, found my Cousin, Mrs. Martin, in declining health, and in two days after our return, she was confined to her bed, and was never out again. She crossed the river and joined her loved ones on the other side. Like a fully ripe sheaf of wheat, she was gathered with her loved ones and with her Master. Her remains were shipped to Paintsville, Kentucky, and laid to rest by the side of her first husband in the Paintsville Cemetery. This was a painful parting to me. We had been companions during our sojourn in Bowling Green. For a while I felt that I could not live without her, I was so lonely and sad, but God has foreordained that these plans of

His must be borne, and that time only can erase them. If it were not so how miserable we all would be.

The Sabbath School has always been my special hobby. I have never neglected my duty to the Sunday School since my earliest recollection. I have since the age of sixteen, had a class almost continually. Since our half of each year of living in Bowling Green I have had a class almost continuously. This of course keeps me near home when the Sabbath is drawing near.

The Spring of that year approaching, I received a letter from my Cousin, Mrs. Hopkins, of Catlettsburg, Ky. She was visiting some friends in North Florida. I at once wrote her to visit us before leaving the State. She came the first of March and remained until the first of April. So pleasantly was the month spent that it went by hurriedly and was gone all too soon. That was a pleasant visit, and memories arise that give me great pleasure. It was the last visit she ever made us in life; that was four years ago. She left Bowling Green for Atlanta to visit a cousin of ours living there. After two or three weeks our stay was over and we were ready to take our departure for Kentucky.

On our way to Jacksonville we discovered that Andrew was breaking out with chickenpox. Of course we were somewhat anxious about him; thought it best to remain in Jacksonville for a few days to learn the result, but he had no bad effects at all. We then hired a touring car and went for a drive to St. Augustine, as we had never been there. Other parties at the hotel

were desirous of taking the trip too, so we had just a car full of passengers. It was such a delightful automobile trip; twenty-seven miles from the city of Jacksonville to St. Augustine, a fine brick highway. St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States. The old city gates, the fort and the sea wall still stand with their historical associations. In contrast and interest to those are the magnificent buildings, Ponce De Leon Hotel, and other new and elegant modern buildings. It is a favorite resort. It is the site of the State School for the blind, deaf and dumb. We saw the oldest house in the United States, drove around all parts of the city. The ancient part of the place is quaint; the streets are very narrow, but short. Two vehicles could not well pass each other. The more modern part is quite pretty and attractive; the lawns beautifully kept. The beautiful vineclad walls, pretty flower beds, and all kinds of tropical plants are very pleasing to the observer. We then were driven to the old fort and with a guide to explain in full detail the places of interest and the past history of the old Spanish Fort. We were wonderfully entertained. He guided us through those old dark dungeons, which are now lighted with electricity. Oh! those dismal cells and to think of the many living creatures, human beings, entombed there, gives one the shivers. In order to impress upon us the dense darkness of those horrible cells or dungeons he turned off the lights. Oh! Icy horrors how dreadful. I am glad that mode of punishment to criminals has been abandoned. Those

openings at the entrance of the dungeons are so low that one has to almost crawl through. I could hear the feathers on my hat breaking as I entered those openings. I then realized my hat was getting "the worse for the wear" and when we came out and went upon the top of the great wall that surrounds the inclosure, a gust of wind blew and away went my hat's feathers like picking a goose. I was then in for a new hat or else have repairs to the old one, but I realized the fact that it was well worth the expense of the needed repair to have had the opportunity of seeing this historical old place, for a Winter spent in Florida is not complete without a visit to St. Augustine.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After taking in the different routes that we had traveled from Kentucky to Florida and back we considered the situation and learned there was only one route left that we had not traveled and that was through North and South Carolina, so we decided to make the journey over that route and stop off at Johnson City, Tenn., and hunt my cousins and form a personal acquaintance with them, consequently our plans were made for the trip through that part of the country we had never traveled.

Leaving Jacksonville in the early morning we stopped off at Columbia for a rest and have an opportunity to visit the points of interest in and around the Capital City. The first thing I proceeded to do was to find a millinery store and have my hat repaired, that had met with disaster at the old fort at St. Augustine. Of course I could not appear before my new found cousins with any defects in my wearing apparel. After the necessary repairs we first went to the Capitol Building in which were many and interesting relics of the Civil War. We were much interested for several hours in this building. We then took a street car for a long ride around the city. The next morning we resumed our journey.

I recall to my mind those mountain views, so picturesque, so grand; the train ascending gradually until the top of that mountain is reached. Upon viewing those high mountains one is again impressed with the majestic handiwork of our Lord, as also we are impressed with the ingenuity of man. The road winds in and on around those mountains; one place for many miles it winds and forms a most perfect horseshoe, thus giving the passengers a complete view of both sides of the mountains. Gazing down into those chasms the appearance is frightful in the extreme. Three tunnels can be looked through at one view. Mt. Mitchell is a station and is on the highest peak of the Black Mountain. Black Mountain contains other peaks, the highest east of the Rocky Mountains. There are broad forest slopes and clear streams of water, all forming pretty scenery. Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak, and of the Appalachian System, is just eighteen miles from Ashville, North Carolina. Along the railroad track in North Carolina I could see a sparkling substance mingled in the sand or dirt, a dazzling brilliancy; for a few moments I was puzzled as to what it could be. I soon observed an opening in the hillside. Then it occurred to me that we were in the region of the mica mines of North Carolina and it was bits of mica sparkling in the sunshine. We passed by Biltmore, the resort, and possession of the Vanderbilts, a large place of magnificent grounds and great beauty, and going into Johnson City at nine o'clock P.M. stopping at the Windsor Hotel. Nature it seems has

lavished her gifts all along this region. Wild woodland, crystal water, gorgeous canyons and sparkling cascades. Even the next morning when seated at the breakfast table while waiting for the waiter to bring in our morning meal, I raised my eyes and looked out at the dining room window; a pretty mountain scene met my gaze. Just back of that hotel dining room a sparkling cascade flowing down the mountain side and at its base a crystal stream was formed from it in which some children were enjoying its clear water, playing and wading in it. I exclaimed, "How beautiful the scene!" Breakfast being over I then called up my Cousin James Martin, introducing myself to him over the phone, it being Sunday morning he was just starting to his Sunday School. We went for a walk, before going to the church. We then went into the Methodist Church and heard a good sermon. The church was very pretty and comparatively new. He called at the hotel to see us as soon as it was convenient and took us to his home for the afternoon, this being the first time I had ever met any of them. I found them to be an elegant family; there was an air of refinement and culture in their surroundings. They had a lovely, commodious home on Main Street; everything was so inviting, and in fact made me feel that I was glad to make the acquaintance of such lovely relatives.

Their son and two daughters, who had been to Bristol for the day, came in before our return to the hotel and in their car. They then had us go for a drive and see the city. Then around the pretty

grounds and buildings of the old Federal Soldiers' Home. This Home for the old soldiers cost the Government over \$1,000,000.00 Thus the evening was delightfully spent. They insisted that we should spend the rest of our stay with them but as we were not prepared to make a visit, and contemplated leaving in the early morning, we begged off with a promise of making them a visit some time in the early future, which we carried out later on, and the Bank Josephine calendar brought it all about. Thus our first, but not our last visit to Johnson City came to an end with pleasant memories.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In my early childhood I had heard much of the wonderful scenery at the Breaks of the Big Sandy River, long before there ever was a thought of a railroad being made through that part of our country, and that day I was to pass through and have the long wished for opportunity of viewing it for myself, as one must see it to comprehend. We purchased our tickets for Elk Horn City, where we had to change cars for the C. & O. division. The road was new, having been completed but a short while. As we approached the Breaks, the scenery began to show up so forcibly that all of us expectantly threw open the car windows. Amidst those mountain scenes, unsurpassed in beauty and splendor, beneath those rugged rocks whose magnitude is unmatched, lies one of nature's greatest marvels of creation. No description can give any adequate idea of their towering majesty, much less of their grandeur and beauty: their rugged heights commanding sublime views and wonderful in their mountain splendor, over-hanging cliffs, sawtooth ridges and deep slashed canyons, forested slopes, clear smooth running streams twining through forested vales, a region of zigzag trail. The trail continues along the headwaters of one fork of the Big Sandy River, its narrow gorges in places breaking against the

rugged rocks. This was one of the most sublime scenes and I doubt if nature ever produced a scene more enchanting and wonderful. In fact, that was a grand trip and one I have often wished to have an opportunity of taking.

A few weeks after our return home I received a letter from my Cousin, Mrs. Hopkins, of Catlettsburg, reminding me of my promised visit with her, one that I had made before she left my home in Florida, saying that Chautauqua would convene there and she wanted me to come at that time so we could enjoy it together. I at once made my arrangements to grant her request. We attended each session and enjoyed it immensely; she always took an interest in things like that which was surprising for one of her advanced age, and was as active as a girl. She was possessed with a wonderful vitality, active both in body and mind. The Chautauqua closed. I then told her that I must return home on the morning train. She insisted and entreated me to remain a few days longer with her. Oh! if I could have lifted the veil and looked into the future I would have listened and granted her entreaties; the thought never occurred to me that it was the last time I ever would see her in this life. Not two weeks had passed after I left her so buoyant, so full of energy and life when another terrible shock awaited me. We had retired for the night. I was awakened by a 'phone message that she was dead; had fallen a victim to paralysis at the hour of ten Saturday morning, surviving the shock only a few hours, when her spirit

winged its flight into the Great Beyond at 7:30 P.M. Being notified later that the funeral was to be Monday afternoon, I was on my journey back to Catlettsburg, accompanied by my husband and other relatives and friends of hers. A sad journey it was for me. I was crushed and wondered how many more shocks I would have strength to endure, and if it could be possible that I could endure many more. I then realized the fact that God puts nothing upon us that we cannot bear. He has given me strength to endure all so far.

She lay in the spacious parlor of her pretty home amid an embankment of flowers, wreathed in every conceivable design. For the last time I gazed on her sweet face, all that was mortal so cold, so silent, so dear to me. A consoling thought darted through my mind, that she had rejoined her loved ones who had gone before in that world where sorrow is not known and friends never part, and that I, too, sometime soon or late, would join her in that clime where death comes not and the weary are at rest. The funeral was conducted at her commodious home and her remains were laid to rest in the Ashland Cemetery beside her husband, the Captain, who had preceded her four years before. I returned that same evening to my home with a saddened heart, for I had lost one of my dearest relatives. In fact a devoted sister as such she was to me. Thus passed from earth one of the most lovable and brilliant women that it has ever been my privilege of knowing.

The remaining part of the Summer went by and the coming in of September, bringing another sad death, my brother's wife, who had been for sometime in failing health, passed away. This was another blow to us all. Even though a long illness and knowing that death is drawing near one is never wholly prepared for the ordeal. So, in company with friends and relatives, I went to Paintsville to be in attendance at the funeral, which was conducted in the Methodist Church of which she had been a lifelong and faithful member. Amidst floral tributes of many and pretty designs she was laid away in the Paintsville Cemetery. Thus one by one the loved ones are thinning out as the days and years go by.

September had gone with its last lingering good-by and it was now growing late into Autumn, a calm, serene turn of all nature. The beauty of the change of the brilliant coloring of the leaves that the Autumn frost had brought about on the hills, flushed in the sunlight. I seated myself and watched the fading tints, with memories of the loved ones, of the past, that so lately had left us for a brighter clime, "A clime where seasons never change." But I will no longer linger on those melancholy thoughts, but I turn to more pleasant memories. I will now turn my attention to the coming annual meeting of the Grand Chapter Eastern Star which was to convene at Bowling Green, Kentucky, that year sometime in the latter part of October.

CHAPTER XXX.

Bowling Green is a very pretty and enterprising city, located in the Blue Grass region, upon a commanding eminence, overlooking a valley of surprising fertility and very pretty indeed. A beautiful temple of learning has been erected there. The Business University at Bowling Green ranks foremost in the State. Many of the young people of our town have been educated in that College.

The Grand Chapter opened its session, as was usually the custom, in the morning at ten o'clock. The good Baptist people of the city kindly tendered their pretty, commodious church to the Chapter to hold their assembly, which was accepted with many thanks of its members. This proved to be a most delightful session and one that will never be forgotten. The meetings of friends that we had not seen for years all bring to our minds memories that will be green spots through life. After the closing of the session the last thing of interest on the program was a trip to the Mammoth Cave. About one hundred and twenty-five members of the Order were in our party who were in readiness for the tour. I must mention the members from our home Chapter who were my pleasant companions, Mrs. Harkins, of course, like myself, "al-

ways in the ring," her younger daughter Josephine and Mrs. Tom Johns, the Worthy Matron of our Chapter at that time. We arrived at the station after dark, where we had to change cars for the cave, a little branch road that runs out to the cave about eight or nine miles. The Cave Hotel had been apprised of our intended visit, consequently were in readiness, our supper all prepared. A rainfall made it quite difficult for the small engine to pull the cars, as it was up grade; after efforts to pull them all it was found to be necessary to uncouple the two rear cars and leave them until they could carry the front ones out to the cave and return for us. That necessitated a delay, but we all enjoyed ourselves by pleasant conversation, recitations and music and the time soon passed away. It was about nine o'clock when all were there and ready for supper. A sumptuous repast was spread. Supper being over we all donned the suits appropriate for the occasion, thence ready for the journey through the cave on foot. At the entrance gate to the grounds we were counted so as to insure a safe return and if one should be missing a guide is sent back in search. Every two carried a torch. I, of course, wondered why the cave had not been lighted with electricity and made inquiry to the same. The guide told me that it would destroy the natural effects which I soon observed was quite reasonable. Our party of one hundred and twenty-five was divided into three sections, as a single guide could not pilot so many. The tour through the Mammoth Cave is

exhilarating and delightful. One would naturally think the atmosphere heavy and depressing, but not so; it is the most invigorating air I have ever breathed. One feels so light and agile. A picturesque entrance, a stairway leading down to the mouth where one enters. Once in the cave a strange quiet feeling falls upon one that is indescribable. Passing from one thing of natural wonder to another and yet all so different in appearance. The great rotunda is the first apartment of much interest. The guide explained that it was directly under the dining hall where we had just eaten our supper. Then the Methodist chapel—a Christmas tree had been placed there in the year 1884 by the citizens for their children. The tree was still there with cards suspended that had been used at that time; there were a few remaining leaves still hanging on the branches. Job's coffin, an immense rock the shape of a coffin, a room that was called the Monumental Room, because the different organizations that had visited the cave heretofore had erected a rock monument to each with a printed card placed in the center with the different names of the societies. As a matter of course the members of the O. E. S. had to also erect one and we all took up rocks and built ours too. The consumptives' cabins are still there; also a dining room is fitted up with tables made by the citizens around, where they sometimes take their lunches and have picnics in there. We were kept going and going, farther back, until the end of the four mile route was reached. The last room was the Star Cham-

ber; by the use of the torchlights enchanting effects are produced in some parts as in the Star Chamber which, when illuminated, appears to be studded with innumerable points of light, closely resembling stars, also white and yellow clouds. Seats are fixed for the tourist to have a rest for a few moments. One of the greatest wonders to me was the Martha Washington statue, an opening between two apartments exactly representing a monument as though having been chiseled by human hands. This, the guide explained to us, was discovered by two visiting parties with their torchlights coming from opposite directions. To demonstrate how it was discovered, he took his torch around into the dark chamber and threw the reflection of light into the opening; it coming in contact with our lights, thoroughly exemplified the discovery, in a manner that was very plain to us all. The Bridal Chamber where there had been twenty-seven marriage ceremonies solemnized at its natural altar. The Cork-Screw which one descends around and around until reaching its base. Just like a sure enough corkscrew. At the base is an immense dome as smooth as if plastered. This is called Napoleon's Dome. Jennie Lind's chair is a natural curiosity. In all the passages stalactites and stalagmites occur in fantastic forms resembling natural objects and architectural designs. This cave contains several streams. The largest is Echo River, a mile in length, which flows into Green River. The river Styx is spanned at one point by a natural bridge of singular beauty. There is so much

to see one cannot think of all and especially if no notes are taken. I regret now that I was so thoughtless as to neglect a thing so important. We entered this cave about ten o'clock P.M., and three in the morning found us coming out of this, the largest cave in the world, and one of the seven natural wonders that history records. This cave was discovered by a hunter in 1809, and has been explored for several miles, but still some parts have not yet been explored. We spent the greater part of the night in it, which was just as well, for it is all darkness anyway, though the bad effect was the loss of our night's rest and the next day we felt the "worse for the wear." It was a wonderful night, a wonderful experience and one that will never be forgotten. It was well worth the loss of a night's sleep.

Our breakfast over, early in the morning, the little train of cars all in readiness to convey us to the station. The picturesque scenery on the road back, which we had traveled over the night before in the dark, by daylight was one of rare beauty, with stretches of woodland forest, bathed in the golden tranquillity of a perfect October morning. In the distance and all along the tiny railroad track a line of hills clothed in their gorgeous hues of many colors which the early frost had dyed, melted into the soft blue sky-line, and over those shadowy sentinels in a row the purplish haze of Autumn hung like a curtain stretching between the lowlands and the hill country. After a short time waiting at the station the train came rumbling in

which was to convey us on to Louisville, Mrs. Harkins and her daughter remaining to visit some friends. I arrived there in safety. Mrs. Johns went on to Winchester to spend a few days with her husband's father's people, I going to the hotel. Our two nieces and their husbands, who at that time were living in the city, called me up and insisted upon my coming to their homes and spend the time in visiting them while in the city. Nevertheless my tired and sleepy condition became almost unendurable and that at a cost of an evening's pleasure I just must have a night's sleep, for I was worn to a frazzle; I needed rest and sleep. Three or four nights of successive entertainment until after midnight and the last night extending into the morning would naturally render one's condition not fit to enjoy the society of friends or relatives. However, a promise was given to spend the remaining part of my time with them. Breakfast being served, after a good night's sleep, I went out into the city to do some shopping and then back to the hotel to keep the engagement I had made with my niece's husband to accompany him to their home for the day. Before dinner was announced a 'phone message requested us all to take supper with my nephew's family, Dr. A. L. Hill, and a most delightful day I spent with them. Monday morning I then directed my steps homeward, boarding the train at eight o'clock. By this time Mrs. Harkins and daughter had finished their visit with their friends and met me at the station. At Win-

chester Mrs. Johns also joined us and a nice trip we had on home.

Fall, by this time, was well advanced and the time was fast drawing near for our return to our home in the Sunny South. On our way I remember quite a little coincidence that took place. As we went into the city of Chattanooga, we met on the train a gentleman and his wife from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and that was the third successive Fall we had met and gone to the same hotel. Although we were perfect strangers to each other we recognized each other's faces and this third time of meeting together at the same places we deemed it prudent to form an acquaintance and traveled the rest of the journey together, as far as Jacksonville. I have never had the pleasure of meeting them since.

That Winter in the south our brother, Sam Davidson, and his wife made us a visit. They were with us during the month of January and extended into February. They were with us when a freeze came and swept everything, vegetation and the orange crop. Every person engaged in trucking lost heavily. We at that time had the largest crop of oranges that our groves had borne since we came in possession of it. We lost heavily that year. Freezes come about every twenty-two or three years, the old citizens claim. The state was in a critical condition as far as vegetables and fruit were concerned. We all survived it, and the groves are looking normal again. After a pleasant visit with us our visitors returned to their Kentucky home. The remainder of the winter went by hurriedly.

The advancing Spring upon us we must again wing our way to the mountains of Kentucky for the Summer. At Jacksonville we decided to accept the pressing invitation given us by our cousins at Johnson City and stop off and visit them for a few days on our way home. Again we changed the route, going through the Carolinas. It is our customary rule not to travel at night, always stopping off at different places or cities of interest, sometimes at Spartanburg, Columbia, etc. We arrived at Johnson City before dark and they met us with their car. We spent a most delightful visit with them, and had the pleasure of meeting the other members of the family for the first time. My thoughts go back to those days of happy meetings of loved ones that I had never known until late years and bring memories that will be fresh and green spots in my life as long as thoughts will last. Again we had the second opportunity of passing through the Breaks of Sandy—a scene that one would find something attractive if passing each day of their natural life, and never tire of the grandeur of its natural beauty. Arriving home on the afternoon train, taking the home folks unawares.

Thus, the remaining days of Spring glided by and the Summer skies smiled on the green leaves of the trees that waved in the gentle warm breezes; the flowers sent forth their fragrant odor; the birds sang their sweet melody.

During the Summer Cousin James Martin of Johnson City made us a visit, it being his first time in our

home town. How glad we were to have him with us who had been so lovely to us in his home. Just to think it was all brought about by a calendar.

September came in with its ripening fruit and blooming golden-rod, with not much of interest that I can at the present time recall. We went for a short time to Cincinnati, to find upon our return that my husband had contracted a dreadful cold which developed into "Grippe." This continued illness necessitated his being confined to his room for weeks. In fact, I had almost given up hope of his recovery. During the time my cousin, at Johnson City, wrote me that his eldest daughter was to be married on the 28th of November, and that they desired our presence at the marriage and for us to make it convenient to start for the south on or about that time and stop off and remain with them for the wedding. I became more and more anxious to have the pleasure. In the meantime my husband began to recover and gradually his health returned as time went by. The time was now drawing near for us to prepare for the journey.

On the evening of the 24th of November our neighbor's sister was married; a nice wedding was given her and while we were enjoying the festivities at their home the 7:30 train came rumbling in and one of my husband's nephews (Lack Hatcher), who was a dentist of our town, returned with his bride. This was quite a surprise to all, as no one knew of the approaching event. In fact, I was not aware of his absence. Another surprise awaited us, for who should the lucky

bride be, I asked. The unexpected had happened—it was the adopted daughter of Mrs. Hager, little Frances, of whom I have heretofore made mention. I said to her, that when I went with Mrs. Hager after her, it never occurred to me that she would, in after years, become my niece.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We left Prestonsburg on the ten o'clock train Tuesday morning for Johnson City and at six P.M. were met at the station by the car of our cousin, whom we were to visit and whose wedding we were to attend.

The morning of November 28th dawned sunny and warm. It was a fine day for a fine wedding. Just cool enough to be pleasant. It was a church wedding. The magnificent Methodist Church South of which she was a member was beautifully decorated with all kinds of plants, ferns, smilax, etc., and crowded with expectant guests. The bridal party entered in all their splendor and handsome wedding attire. Solemn and impressive was the marriage ceremony that made Cousin Martha Allen Martin, Mrs. Smith. After the wedding the invited guests assembled at the magnificent home on Main Street where congratulations were given and the serving of most delicious cakes and ice cream molded into cupids, slippers, hearts and other delicacies too numerous to mention. The lovely bridal presents were on display; tables were loaded; there must have been thousands of dollars invested in handsome gifts from the friends. The thought occurred to me, could she live long enough to utilize all those beautiful gifts. I doubt it. All being over the bridal

party left on the night train for their future home in St. Louis, Missouri, where the husband was employed in a lucrative business. We remained another night with our cousins. The next morning was dark and threatening rain. We thought on account of the dampness and approaching Winter weather it might be best to remain no longer but to haste toward a warmer clime. Cousin Lena had the servants prepare us an elegant lunch for our noonday meal while on the train, consisting of the many wedding delicacies. We bade them good-by on the morning of the 29th, leaving on the early train for the more extreme South. Some two or three years have gone by since we assembled in that beautiful church and home where we were so cordially and hospitably entertained, and that grand event has and will remain a pleasant remembrance.

At that time our country was in the midst of that dreadful war. A soldier boy sat in the seat behind me and when the noon hour came we divided our lunch with him and all of us enjoyed the sumptuous noonday repast. It was a dismal day; the clouds were dark and threatening. The fog was so dense it made it impossible to view the base of those grand old mountains while the train was winding its way around those mountain peaks. Thus I was somewhat disappointed as there are scenes all along that route that are so fascinating and charming to the traveler. We landed safely that night at Spartansburg after a very disagreeable, dark day's journey, chilly and damp. But going to a very pretty hotel, cheerful and pleasantly

domiciled in a spacious room with all the modern conveniences and brilliantly lighted we were much relieved of the fatigue of the day's journey. After a good night's rest, a good breakfast served, we were then all in readiness to resume our journey. The weather grew more mild as we advanced farther South, getting in Jacksonville that same night, and on the following day to our little cottage home, located on the Dixie Highway, in Bowling Green, Florida. All our friends seemed delighted to have us back with them.

The holidays being over my husband's nephew, Reb. Kendall, his wife, her sister and a young lady, Martha Pieratte, Mr. Kendall's sister's daughter and great-niece of my husband, all came on to Bowling Green for the Winter. To have them in our home town with us was a great delight. They visited us for a few days while preparing for housekeeping. The time then flitted by more rapidly. I decided to add to our pleasure—we must have a car. A level country and such smooth roads like Florida one cannot get much pleasure without a car, so our niece, Martha, and I decided to go to Tampa and buy one. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdale, friends of ours from Maine, who have possessions near Bowling Green, were going to Tampa that day in their car kindly invited us to accompany them. We accepted the kind invitation with very much appreciation and pleasure. It is a most delightful three or four hours' drive on a fine brick and asphalt road. To say we had a charming drive does not ex-

press it, with these dear friends of ours. I had written Mrs. Neff of our expected visit, who received us most cordially. They were out in their auto with us almost incessantly, driving miles and miles. With Mr. Neff who so kindly assisted us we purchased a pretty five passenger auto. In a very few moments Martha had learned all about it and was running it to perfection. We spent two days with these friends and then with our pretty new car, Martha the driver, we were on our journey back to our Bowling Green home, making the trip in three hours and a few minutes over. We needed no better chauffeur, for she never was any better pleased than when at the wheel. Thus the remaining part of the Winter and early Spring went by, all so pleasantly.

In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Neff from Tampa came over in their auto, to make us a visit. While with us we all fixed our plans to drive to Arcadia and go out to the Aviators' Camp, which was located seven miles out from Arcadia. We prepared a nice lunch, as we were out for an all day's outing, Mr. and Mrs. Neff with their five passenger car and ours also, enabled us all to be comfortably seated and room for the whole party. The camp site is a very pretty and suitable place, comprising a number of acres. A lot of airships seemed to be prepared for flight. We spent the larger part of the day out there and served our luncheon and a most delightful day we had together. On our return we were caught in a drench-

ing rain, thus the "Bitter had to go with the sweet," but we were thankful to get home all safe.

Spring by this time was well advanced, the Summer fast approaching. As we had gone and come every route we knew or that was possible with the exception of a trip in our car we decided to try that mode of traveling for a change. We left Bowling Green about seven o'clock in the morning, procuring a chauffeur for the journey. I had prepared a lovely lunch and two large watermelons. The road was so smooth; what a lovely drive we had the first day, arriving at Daytona Beach about four o'clock P.M., considering that a good day's travel, and stopped for the night, after driving through the different streets sightseeing. Daytona Beach is a very pretty city indeed. We all went to the moving picture show, after which we had a fine night's rest and sleep, the next morning resuming our journey. The second day was not so smooth sailing as we encountered quite a bit of rough and rugged roads in the northern part of the state. However, we had no tire trouble despite the rough road, and landed safely in High Springs at quite an early hour in the afternoon, feeling that we had already had a long drive and that we were ready for a rest. We went to the best hotel in the place for the night. The third day brought us to Valdosta, Georgia. The fourth day to Macon. The fifth day ended at Calhoun, Ga., and the sixth at Maryville, Tennessee. The roads by this time were rough indeed and rocky too, and the seventh day I was so completely given

out when we arrived at Lafollette, Tennessee, that I could not go another mile. I was so thoroughly exhausted that my mental faculties were blunted; my nerves unstrung; my strength giving way. I was in a state of collapse. With an effort I roused to a sufficient consciousness to get upstairs to the chamber assigned us and with an effort I disrobed myself and fell upon the bed but no slumber came to my blunted brain; no merciful oblivion to relieve me that night. I could not "Pull the latch up to the next notch" to get a fresh hold; I felt that I must give up; I was worn to a frazzle. I said, "I must stop here. I can go no farther in the car." We, the next morning, stored the car there, taking the train on to Winchester, Kentucky. We dismissed the chauffeur, he going on to Ashville, N. C., to visit his grandfather. We spent a day or two with my husband's niece, Mrs. Perry, at Winchester, thence on to Mt. Sterling to visit Mrs. Steve Pieratte, another niece, the mother of Martha, who had spent the winter at Bowling Green and who had gone with me to Tampa and assisted in purchasing our car. She had been home a month prior to our visit. Well, to say the least we had a most delightful time while with them all. I being somewhat rested from the long journey in the car was feeling somewhat better. After spending a day or two we then bade our kind entertainers good-by and started on our homeward journey, arriving there in due time and feeling "no worse for the car wear."

The great World War was then at the highest de-

gree. We were all anxiety. So many of our nephews were enlisted and some were in the trenches. Our nephew, Lieut. Alex. L. Hill, was then in France. Of the seventeen nephews that were in the service he was the only one that was wounded and he was also twice gassed. While in France he sent me a very pretty pillow cover which he purchased at the "Galleries De Lafayette," the largest art store in the world. The building on which the aviator lighted his airship. He also sent me in a letter some pressed flowers that he plucked off the place in which had rested the remains of St. Valentine. These souvenirs I closely guard and appreciate beyond any degree.

The Summer passed by and the approach of autumn again. My sister's health was failing and I prevailed upon her to join us in another trip South for the coming Winter to which she acquiesced. The "flu" was raging in our town and many of the loved ones, friends and relatives, passed away. We were all fortunate to escape. My husband's niece, Mrs. Nelle May Wilkinson, left us on the 7th of November and was laid to rest on the 8th. So many were passing away we deemed it best to start as soon as possible to a warmer clime and remain no longer in the cold and run any risk of a chance of "flu." On the 11th, the day the Armistice was signed, we left our Prestonsburg home for the South. Before arriving at Ashland the glad tidings were wafted to us that the dreadful war was at an end. What a joyful message; how many sad hearts were made to beat with joy. The

night was passed with my niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Powers, in Ashland. Oh, what a celebration! I have never heard nor have ever seen anything that could match the noise. Everything that could make a noise was resorted to. Of course we all were very willing to be kept awake and happy to know we were again to have peace.

Very early the next morning found us again resuming our journey towards Lafollette, Tennessee, where our car was stored. We must again try the journey back South in it. I had a tinge of dread but must confess that I held out in a wonderful manner going back. The worst part of the travel was this time the first day and as we advanced further south the roads became more smooth. My sister really enjoyed all the drive. The sixth day's journey brought us again to High Springs, Florida. We lodged at the same hotel that we stopped at in the early Summer, when we journeyed north. We left there early the following morning, driving into Gainsville about eleven o'clock. We drove around the city quite a bit; we desired to see some of that noted Florida city. It is said to be one of the oldest cities in the state, excepting St. Augustine and a few others. The streets are broad and brick paved. There are some of the finest old oaks I have ever seen; they give a good shade to the streets. While driving around the city I observed some very pretty homes. They seemed to be large and flower decorated. The streets are all shaded and almost all well paved. Gainsville has all the city appearance you

find anywhere in the more thickly settled portions of the country. I was much impressed with its general appearance. Just a mile out and over a broad paved highway lie the extensive college grounds of the University of Florida, containing a collection of buildings of brick, vine covered and quite picturesque. I don't remember how many buildings; there are possibly nine or ten. Located here is said to be one of the most valuable assets not only of Gainesville, but of the state. It is an institution of learning comparable to any in the country and is supported by the State and the Federal Government. The drive and scenes were much appreciated by us all. We gained information as well as the pleasure of seeing the city. We arrived at Daytona a while before dark and stopped for the night. The next afternoon found us at our little home in Bowling Green. My sister enjoyed the auto trip immensely and stood the long journey fine. It was sure pleasant to have her with us for the Winter. Four now constituted our family instead of three.

The holidays being over Mr. and Mrs. Reb Kendall and sister again came on to Bowling Green for the remaining part of the Winter, thus making a most delightful Winter for us all.

Again the State Fair was on in February over at Tampa. We, seven in number, went to be in attendance. The exhibits were most interesting and good. Every kind of the late war inventions of artillery was on exhibition; submarines, submarine chasers, battleships and war tanks, decorations. All along the Bay

shore were the flags of all the different nations of the world. It all presented a very pretty scene indeed. I cannot recall to my mind all of those pretty and interesting exhibits. At the present time suffice it to say we seven felt that we were well paid for the time spent. After two or three days' sightseeing, we returned to our homes at Bowling Green.

April 9th of the same year the Grand Chapter of Eastern Star of Florida met at Tampa. I was especially invited to visit a friend at that time and also to be in attendance. Mr. Davidson and I went, leaving my sister and Andrew to keep house. Mr. and Mrs. Kendall and Miss Seitz to spend the nights with them for company. We certainly did have a most pleasant session of the Grand Chapter and so pleasantly entertained in the pretty home of these friends, Mr. and Mrs. Neff, and their daughter and husband (Mr. and Mrs. Smith), Mrs. Smith being a member of our Order. She and I were continually on the wing, thus the time went by all so pleasantly. The warm days of the remaining Spring soon flitted by. June came in and still we were in Florida. I learned that a pretty bungalow was for sale in our little town and I lost no time in making a purchase. That necessitated another move for us a few days prior to starting back to Kentucky so it was made in a hurry. I felt I wanted that to be the last move. I never really enjoyed moving. I have often been sorry for a minister's wife, who has been moving for years. I now had some experience in that line. Only in Florida

though. This was, I believe, about the seventh we have made during our sojourn here.

We left Bowling Green for our Kentucky home on the 17th of June. A nice day's journey we had to Jacksonville where Mr. and Mrs. Kendall had been waiting for a few days to join us on the long trip to Kentucky. They left Bowling Green a few days prior to our leaving. A lively journey we had the rest of our trip. Leaving them at Winchester we four went on to Cincinnati, remaining over there on Sunday.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Monday about dark we were back in our Kentucky home at Prestonsburg, my sister's health very much improved after her sojourn in Florida. During the remainder of that Summer nothing of any interest transpired that I can recall. The same old routine of my domestic duties with lots of visitors and no end to the work to be done. Help was almost a thing of the past. By this time I was contemplating the situation and about to come to the conclusion that I had about as much use for such a large house "as a wagon has for five wheels."

However, the Summer ended. How vast when we consider that each day, week and month hastens the end. Seasons follow seasons in such rapid succession. The last rays of the September sun had set. I became quite anxious to return to our pretty little new bungalow in the sunny south and put things in order, consequently we took our departure on the 4th of October, much earlier than was our past custom, arriving at Bowling Green the 10th. The weather was extremely warm. We almost wished ourselves back in Kentucky for a few days, but those hot days passed over. The weather soon was cool and pleasant.

In February I had an opportunity to sell my home

in Prestonsburg, that had been in my own possession for thirty-six years. I have never regretted the parting with it. I liked our little new home so much. In all the moves we have made we have found kind and courteous neighbors, which indeed makes my life worth living.

In December of last year the annual conference of Florida met at Lakeland, just thirty miles north of us. My neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, their three children, Eitele, Ernest, Avis Mae, and Andrew and myself all went up in our car, Eitele being the chauffeur. We heard a fine sermon delivered by the Bishop. We had prepared a good lunch and had a fine day. This I speak of as many other days' outings we all had enjoyed together, going to places of interest, etc.

The latter part of the month of February we received a telegram, announcing the death of Mr. Harkins, our lifelong friend and relative, which came as a great shock to us. He was polished and brilliant; his tongue never touched a subject that it did not adorn; he labored incessantly to accomplish the completion of our handsome new church and God allowed him to live to see it finished and be permitted to worship in it. He was an honorable and useful citizen. However, the greatest treasure that he possessed was his pure, strong heart. His gentle dignity and his exquisite courtesy, his warm human interest in everything he touched, returned to him in deep affection felt by all who knew him. We keenly felt the great loss that it meant to all, but "Death loves a shining mark," and

he has gone. We know how great was felt the loss in his own home and to the community in which he had lived all his natural life.

In the meantime the home paper came giving an account of a very disastrous fire which had destroyed almost a whole block. Among the buildings that were entirely destroyed were the old Methodist Church and Masonic Hall with all the contents. This, of course, was a hard blow; I felt at that time as if I would never want to see the old place again and would never be anxious to see the ruins, and the thought of so many loved ones gone away forever. But this life is continually freighted with much sadness and sorrow. If time did not wear these gloomy happenings away it would be impossible for us poor mortals to exist. Days and weeks went by. The month of May had slipped away with all her charms on earth, sea and sky. Then came in June in her place, pouring forth the buds and fresh flowers, its warm sultry days as a gentle reminder that the time was fast approaching for our flight northward, to seek a cooler clime.

On the 18th we again stepped on board the train that was to begin our long journey bound for our old Kentucky home. We had a very pleasant, but uneventful, trip. We secured rooms with our niece, Mrs. Mary Allen, for the time we were to be in Prestonsburg, as now we had no settled home. We had planned many visits and trips during the remaining part of the Summer and Fall. The first trip that presented itself was one that I had a desire for sometimes to make.

The Eastern Star Chapter at home had been given the right by the Grand Chapter of Kentucky to institute a Chapter at Wayland, Kentucky, a mining town which is situated at the terminus of the railroad on the Right Hand Fork of Beaver Creek. I was very much delighted. I had never been up there and was anxious for the time to arrive. At last the long expected morning broke in, beautiful and bright, July 15, 1920, fine for an occasion like that. There were a number of us in the party: Mrs. Emma J. Archer, Mrs. Frances Hatcher, Mrs. Osie Ligon, Mrs. Irene Burke, Miss Maud Salisbury, Mrs. Anna L. Davidson, Mrs. Josie D. Harkins, Mrs. Mary Allen, Mr. Jack Davis, Miss Josephine Harkins, Mrs. Grace D. Ford, Mrs. Virginia Arnold, Josie M. Davidson and Mr. A. J. Davidson. I believe these were all the members of Adah Chapter that were present. We indeed were a merry party, and reached there in time for a splendid dinner at the big hotel, that had been prepared for us by directions from the Masonic Fraternity. The scenery of the surrounding country is very pretty indeed. This Beaver Creek country, though, is the richest part of Floyd County. For years the facilities for travel were conspicuously absent, not because of the scarcity of its population, but principally on account of the problem presented to constructive engineers by tiers of perpendicular cliffs and hills, that form a wall, barring traffic. A demand for market for the huge coal deposit that past ages have stored there has spurred surveyors to scale those heights and span those gullies and make a trail over which the

great steam-horse can be run in safety. It was on this very railroad that I had often wished for a trip, especially up the Right Fork. I had never been up there, even when the only mode of travel was on horseback over the rough road, or in a buggy or hack, when one took his or her life in consideration of the dangers of a turn-over.

Dinner being over we went for a little stroll and to get a view of the mining town. I went back to the hotel beholding the sublimity of those scenes around Wayland. The immense hills clothed in their fresh colors of green. I sat out on the long porch of the hotel for a while with folded hands and gazed at the glorious sunset and marked the floating clouds as they touched its golden fringe. The scene was enchanting. The sound of supper being announced broke the spell of my chain of thought. For the time being we were in bustle and confusion, as a lot of women are when making their toilet for an interesting and approaching event. Josephine Harkins, appointed by the Grand Patron as Grand Matron Deputy, was assisted by Virginia Arnold as Grand Marshall and Grace D. Ford as Grand Secretary. The other members of Adah Chapter proficiently exemplified the work. The new organized chapter exhibited much interest and enthusiasm, and we expect it to become a bright star in the near future. We cannot say too much in appreciation and praise as shown in their generous hospitality and kindness shown us. The banquet following the reception was a feast, reminding us of the halcyon days of

yore, with an abundance for all and plenty to spare, and with no sign of war times or high cost of living. It was indeed a joyous occasion, and one that will linger in our memory as one of the pleasantest events of our lives. A jolly crowd we were the next morning again starting on our return for our respective homes, my husband, Andrew and I stopping off at the forks of Beaver to visit our mine. We spent the day visiting and going through the different parts of the works, etc. I always enjoyed our visits up there, when years ago I sometimes took Josie when she was a little girl to visit a little friend, Katie Osborn, who lived on our farm. This place has grown to be a mining town and is greatly changed though some of the renters still live near by. I am always so glad to meet up with these old friends and spend a day or night with them. After two days of visiting with them we returned to our home town.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In August, about the fifteenth, we again had the pleasure of a visit or trip up the Left Fork of Beaver Creek. We had an invitation from some friends living near Salisbury station, a short distance from the forks of the creek, to make them a visit and attend a two days' meeting. Our friend, Mr. Brice Stumbo, had died a year previously and gone to his home, where the weary are at rest. His widow and her two sons, Dr. Walker and Edward Stumbo, and sister, Mrs. Marion Allen, the family of the deceased, all gave us such a warm welcome upon our arrival Saturday. We then repaired to the stand which had been previously erected for the religious services and took in the afternoon service, after which we then went back to the commodious farmhouse, owned by Mrs. Stumbo, who had so hospitably extended the invitation to so many guests. Supper announced, all repaired to the large dining hall where three long tables were spread, loaded with the many good things to appease the appetite. About seventy-five or more people were served and found lodging with those generous people who know no scarcity. The morning meal came up the same, with the table loaded. After the morning services were over the dinner was served with more guests than the day

before. I wondered how they ever prepared enough to feed so many people, but an abundance seemed to hold out like the "widow's meal in the barrel and oil in the cruse." We remained in that hospitable home until Monday with the loved ones and then they accompanied us over to the station to see us off for the head of the creek, ending at Weeksbury, a mining town that had not been completed very long. The many friends and acquaintances that had been to the same meeting were getting off at the different stations and insisted that we stop off and make them a visit, but the many places that we had already mapped out for future visits and the time fast fleeting, we had to decline the kind requests, although I would have been delighted to visit those kind friends of other days. About dark the train rumbled into Weeksbury. Early the next morning we were up viewing those picturesque scenes, and thoughts crowded my mental faculties quick and fast. Those towering mountains, though picturesque in the extreme, with such a narrow valley nestling between, the question arose: How did those early settlers ever raise enough to sustain man and beast? Where was the soil that was tillable for their bread? How did they survive the loneliness of that quiet place? The change of scenes could only take place with the coming and going of the seasons. The budding forth of the leaves in the Springtime of the trees of the forest, in Summer clothed in their robes of different shades of green, then Autumn after a few falls of frost, enough to give the different hues of bright tints that glow. For in-

stance, the flaming sumac where there is no need of an artificial touch to awe the mind with its majesty or to aid in its inherent beauty. Then the Winter scene, with its ice and snow and no sound to break the silence save the woodman's ax, the lonesome tinkle of the cowbell and the choked murmur of the stream as it flows over rough rocks. Then the thought came forcibly to me: how did they live? Yet they subsisted some way, somehow. Doubtless the thought never entered their mind of the immense wealth that those mountains contained, the thousands of tons of coal and the multiplied thousands of dollars that were in future store for some of their descendants. All these and many other thoughts loomed up in my mind, then the reverie was broken by the whistle of the train that was to carry us back down the creek towards home. Only a few miles had we gone when the train stopped on account of the two wrecked coal trains in front, and there we had to stay until the wrecks were cleared away. Well, the noon-hour approached and no prospects for dinner. Of course, at a time like this the good things to eat would naturally loom up to mind, of the few days that had just gone by when we were in the home of Mrs. Stumbo. The more we thought the more we wished, but in vain. There was a nearby store, but nothing could we get there. There was a nearby farmhouse in view and Mr. Davidson went to it and found an old friend living there, but as no one was home but Mr. Hopkins himself, he boiled some eggs hard and with some salt sent them to us. He later came down

to the train to see us, and was sorry that he did not know the predicament we were in before his wife left the house, so she could have cooked us something, but we fared all right on the eggs. These people are the best I ever saw, and cannot do enough to make their friends comfortable. We appreciated his kindness so much and took the rest of his will for the deed. Finally late in the afternoon, the wrecks were cleared away, and slowly the train began to go forward, thus forcibly reminding me of the "Slow train through Arkansas." Observing from the car window and noting the winding of the stream like the winding of a snake's trail, also the many sudden turns of the train, I felt for the first time the dangers apprehending that were seen and unseen, and that we were literally obeying the scriptural injunction, "Take no thought of the morrow." We well knew the delay meant another night must be spent somewhere on Beaver as it would be too late to make connection with the train at the forks of Beaver. We were resigned though to the inevitable, glad to be safe thus far on our way.

Finally, as the evening sun was shedding its last rays upon the mountain top the train rolled into Martin station. We then repaired to the home of our old tried friends, Mr. and Mrs. Billie L. Osborn, who always gave us a warm welcome, as also our very dear friend, Mrs. Fanny Keathley Flannery, with whom we have so often stopped. We knew either of these friends would be glad to have us with them so we spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Osborn and took our noonday

meal the next day with Mrs. Flannery. The delay the previous day only enabled us to again visit our mines and note the changes since the month before. We had a nice time with them all and at the station we again had another long wait for the train that was to carry us on down the creek. Dark found us getting into our home town, feeling no worse for the delay, and much better for the pleasant outing, also seeing and being with those friends that we have long known and loved.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In the course of time my brother married again, a very estimable woman, Mrs. Martha Trimble, with two lovely bright children, a son sixteen and a daughter twelve or thirteen years old. Since their marriage they spend their Summer months out on her farm and their Winters at his home in Paintsville. It was while out at her farm in the latter part of August that she wrote us that she expected us down for a visit and as her fruit was ripe that was the time for us to come. We took advantage of the invitation and went. We were met at the Paintsville depot by her son, Rexford, who had come in from the country for us with his team and hack. It was about two hours' travel out to the farm and a comparatively good road, thus reminding me of those days of yore, when that was the only mode of traveling. We had a nice drive though and enjoyed it immensely, as it was a change. A large white farm house on an elevated place with a pretty green, grassy terraced yard loomed up to our view before reaching it. Just a place to have a general good time. Of course Andrew was happy as he could be out with the horses and Rexford. I felt that it was the very place for him to have a nice time and outing and he certainly took every advantage of the occasion. There was

plenty of fruit, melons, etc., and what a good time we did have. The peach trees were weighted with their luscious fruit and for a week we reveled in delicious peaches and other good things to eat. All that a well-to-do farmer could bestow upon his guests.

In the meantime they suggested a picnic for us, the place fixed at the break of Big Paint Creek, about three miles from the farm. We prepared a nice lunch. Also a number of their neighbors made the necessary preparations too for a pleasant day and accompanied us. Quite early in the morning we all drove out to the place suggested. I must say, with all my ability to see the "silver lining" to every cloud, I never drove over a much worse road in all my life than the one from my sister's farm to the breaks of Big Paint Creek. It seemed to me that if one ever took their lives in their hands we did at that time, but it ended all right with no disaster at all. We found ourselves landed at a small log church building, corresponding with the rustic scenery around. The yard had grown up in tall weeds through which it was a difficult matter to emerge. For years I had heard of those wonderful breaks and at last I was to see them and actually know just how they looked for myself. We sought a large flat rock on the side of the hill just above the church, which was suggestive of a splendid place to spread our picnic dinner. The morning had gone by so swiftly and a lot of hungry tourists we were. We thought it prudent to partake of the noonday meal before inspecting the wonders surrounding us. My what

a feast we had and words cannot express the enjoyment of the occasion. Those natural scenes, though rough in the extreme, were marvelous to behold. To say there is very great beauty about those breaks I cannot, but they are wonderful beyond any description. High upon those cliffs are openings or caverns which it would be impossible to reach; where no human being has ever planted a footprint; where no sound has ever left an echo. We found ourselves in a place where the varied scenes surrounding us declared the perfection of the handiwork of our Creator. Such a place is ground for astonishment. Those rugged, precipitous cliffs, presenting to view those openings high upon the rocky steeps. I wondered what the interior looked like; if they could compare with other caverns that I have been in, but no one will ever know. A peculiar freak of nature was pointed out to us; a good sized birch tree had grown on the top of a huge rock with no visible sign of soil or substance which it might draw life from. A growing root seemed to have split the rock and run the length, perhaps of fifteen or twenty feet in the crevice, presenting the appearance of a huge snake, the end reaching down and taking hold in the earth's soil. A swinging bridge spanned the creek which enabled us to cross to the other side where was presented a better view of those rugged and precipitous hills. A feeling of awe will naturally hold one's attention, and thoughts rebound, of the miraculous works of nature. It was a delightful day and when the lowering sun reminded us that the time had swiftly

flown and that the hour had arrived for our return with three miles of rough road to go over, and that we must "hie away" before darkness should overtake us.

One day while out at the farm we all were invited to spend a day with friends and neighbors of my brother's family, Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Those good people were so-kind and hospitable. They have a splendid home and farm with everything that good farmers have to live upon. A most excellent dinner was served and another delightful day spent. The week flitted by all too soon, but as there were other visits we had mapped out on our program we could not prolong our stay. We fixed the day for our departure, with many regrets to leave those loved ones, and happy thoughts linger of the week spent in my brother and sister's Christian home. Sister Martha then came on in the hack with us to their Paintsville home to look after some of their interests there, which made the drive more pleasant for all of us. We bade all adieu and separated, we going to the station to await the train that was to carry us to our home town. In my early childhood and girlhood, extending through my natural life, even to the present time, I oftentimes spent sleepless hours building air castles and have lived to realize and to see some of those air castles carried into effect and have enjoyed the privileges I have gotten out of those castle buildings. Some writer, I cannot recall just who, has said that "Home and true friends are two of the fairest gifts of Heaven allotted to us mortals on earth," and I have been blessed with both of those fairest gifts, a

home and many true and tried friends wherever I have cast my lot, and in the language of King David of old "My lot has been cast in pleasant places."

Upon our return, I found a letter written me from Mrs. J. L. Coley, a friend living in Huntington, West Virginia, insisting that we three make them a visit and that the middle of September she would expect us. At the specified time we left home again to visit those dear friends who had given such a pressing invitation. We stopped off at Catlettsburg, took dinner, and in the afternoon went up to Huntington on a street car arriving at the pleasant home of our friends late in the afternoon. We were both shocked and grieved to find Mrs. Coley suffering much pain and disadvantage with rheumatism to the extent that it required the use of two crutches for her to be able to walk at all, looking so pale and emaciated. However, she had called up her daughter, Mrs. Parsons, who lived at Charleston, West Virginia, and she came to oversee the affairs of the home with the assistance of the other daughter, Mrs. Elkins, who also lived in Huntington, coming from her home daily, consequently all went well. She said she could not think of us leaving for the south without seeing us all. These dear friends have always treated us so very kindly from the time we first met them, which was fifteen years ago, when I met them at "Home Coming" in Louisville, Kentucky, for the first time of which I have heretofore written, and from the first visits that we have exchanged with each other I have always held and cherished the warmest

feeling of love and friendship towards them. It was indeed a pleasure to see and be with them again, although several years had gone by since we had seen them. I had not seen either of the daughters since their marriage. We spent most of the time at the home as her crippled condition rendered it impossible for her to go out with us. I preferred being with her to going out in the city very much. Everything was done to give us a nice time under the existing circumstances. We spent three or four days with them, called once to see Mrs. Elkins and also Mrs. Dr. Howard (nee Wootie Harkins), my husband's niece. These two calls were the only ones made by us while there. Aside from her condition we enjoyed our visit immensely and were sad to leave her not much improved, though she has written me since that she was gradually improving and this has greatly gladdened me.

From Huntington we next went to Ashland to visit Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Powers, my niece and her family. That was on Friday morning. We found them anxiously looking for us, as I had written them when to expect us. They gave us a good time. In the afternoon took us out in their car for a drive over the city and then drove to the cemetery, where rest the loved ones, Captain and Mrs. Hopkins, this being the first time I had visited their graves since the day she was laid away, four years ago.

I had written Mrs. J. R. Kendall of West Liberty the time we were to be in Ashland and Catlettsburg and she at once came on to meet us there. We, of

course, had a joyous meeting. We had not seen each other for more than a year. She has a brother living in Catlettsburg, consequently she "killed two birds with one stone," visiting her brother and with us also. The next day was Saturday and the last on our program for this visit, as we had arranged to return to our home town on the night train. We were invited to spend that remaining day with Cousin Mary Brown in Catlettsburg. My niece drove us up to this cousin's home and Mrs. Kendall joined us there in the afternoon and we all together had a very joyous time. Aside from the real joy given us by those dear friends and relatives memories loom up of the passing away of so many that have gone into the great unknown since we had been together and gloomy thoughts arise. A vacant chair at the home of my niece; Mr. Powers' mother had been laid away, and Cousin Mary Brown's husband too had gone. Times like these we think we will not be separated so long again while we are permitted to live and promise ourselves to see each other often, but the daily cares and heavy responsibilities encumber us and seem to monopolize so much of our time that those promises we fail to carry into effect as they should be. When we consider the passing away of time and each growing old and so few are left, we should try to be together more often. Bidding them all good-by at the station, where they had assembled to see us off, we boarded the train for up Sandy. We met on the train the Rev. I. F. J. McKinster and wife, the minister who twenty-seven years ago had married

us. Of course we were glad to see them. Their company was a help to while away the time of the long and tiresome trip and it ended evidently much sooner by having pleasant company.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Summer vacation of 1920 had drawn to its close with all the joys and anxieties. September, too, had come and gone, with a continued routine of invitations to dinners, teas, receptions and visits. Then the coming of the beautiful month of October with its clear blue sky, the beginning of the changes of color of the leaves of the trees from their green to the pretty tints of the different hues, thus reminding us that our visits were at an end, and finding it necessary to make preparations for departure, realizing that all things sooner or later must come to an end. I finished my packing with a tinge of regret and when all was in readiness to begin our journey, we decided before starting to go by way of Hot Springs, Arkansas, and thereby carry out the promise I made myself twenty years ago to again, if permitted, visit those wonderful healing springs. We left our old home town on the early morning train October 13th amid a scene of emotion. I shall never forget the deep grief that had come to the home of a friend and schoolmate of other days, the sudden death the night before of her husband at about ten o'clock. I had not heard of the death until we had started to the station. I turned aside to go to her home and see and speak to her just for a moment.

A parting word, amid low sounds of plaintive grief of the heartbroken wife lingering over his lifeless form and with my own tears almost blinding my overflowing eyes I bade her a sad good-by. No word of comfort could I give for well I knew words of mine would be useless given in such an hour. Only He who knows the depth of her sorrow could be of any comfort to her then. It was a sudden and mysterious stroke of God's providence, as he was a comparatively young man, so large and strong. A finer specimen of perfect health I never saw than that of Mr. Hood Turner, and it seemed so strange. Many of the loved ones came on to the station to see us off. It really was a sad parting and the question arose in my mind, will we all ever meet again this side of eternity?

At Ashland my niece met us with her car at the depot and took us to their lovely home on Montgomery Avenue and there we had a lovely lunch with them after which she again drove us back to the depot in time for the train that was to take us on to Cincinnati, where we remained three or four days to do some shopping and then resumed our journey going by way of Louisville. The change was made there without a moment's wait as the train was on the track that was to carry us on to Memphis. In a very short time we were on our journey towards Memphis where another change had to be made. We spent the night there and were ready the next morning for a continuation of the journey to Hot Springs.

We arrived at the Springs about the same time in

the afternoon that we had arrived there twenty years before, but how different was the place. The setting sun was gliding over the towers and church spires of entirely new buildings, which moved me to admiration. The blue sky bent serenely without a cloud above them. Instead of being driven in a cab drawn by horses as of yore, we were driven in a taxicab to the hotel.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty years had gone by since I had made myself the promise to again visit Hot Springs, considering that it might be beneficial to each of us to spend a month and take the course of baths. The country and town are greatly changed since that time of long ago. The town has grown to a large sized city. Statistics give the place as having the smallest death rate of any city in the United States. For clean living I am sure it cannot be excelled. There are forty-six hot springs with an average temperature of 135 Fahrenheit, the hottest being 154. Hot Springs has been recognized as America's greatest health resort, while as a pleasure resort it has a great deal to recommend it. It is a cosmopolitan city with about 15,000 resident population and is located on the pine clad hills of the Ozarks at a very great elevation above sea level. It has well paved streets and street car lines leading to places of interest, to the alligator and ostrich farms and to other places of amusement. The place can boast not only of her famous hot springs, but several cold mineral springs. As a pleasure resort it has many advantages. The Government has built

fine roads and driveways and paths to the steel tower and different points on the reservation where the view of the surrounding country can be seen to a very great advantage.

We hired a taxicab one day and drove to the very top; there we had a grand view of the whole country as far as the eye could see in the distance; miles and miles of peaks of those Ozark mountains presented to view is a most superb spectacle. Far away to the south stretches a mountain range, blue in the distance. In the narrow valley below the city and stream; it certainly is a most charming scene to the observer. We spent the mornings at the bath house where I met many nice and sociable ladies. Again I was forcibly reminded that our big beautiful world was not so large after all. In conversation with a pleasant, sweet-faced lady from Herman, Tennessee, by name Karoline Watkins, I learned that she had gone to college with my Cousin, Louise Martin, of Johnson City, Tennessee, the second daughter of Cousin James Martin, to whom I have referred.

Thus the days and weeks went hurriedly by until the limited time we had given ourselves was at an end. Now we must be off again for the South.

I received a letter from my old friend Mrs. M. E. Thomas of Grand Cane, Louisiana, that I had met at the Springs twenty years ago. Since that time her son, a lovely young man that was with us, had passed into the great beyond, bringing to my mind so vividly those happy days we spent together for six

weeks. I therefore wrote these lines of my thoughts and wreathed them into a little poem which I thought was somewhat appropriate, and was in keeping with my feelings at that time:

“TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Nestled between mountains rugged and high,
Lie the valley and city below—
With its healing springs of pure water so clear,
Just the same as twenty years ago.

But great the change that time has made,
By brain and hand of mortal man I trow,
Since o’er the ground where once I tread,
Just twenty years ago.

Where stand the same trees of the forest,
With their leaves of bright tints that glow,
Are towering still on the mountain side,
The same as twenty years ago.

How many happy buoyant hearts,
That gladly drank its healing waters that flow,
From earthly cares, and earthly scenes are gone,
Since twenty years ago.

Never the scenes do I wish to forget as dead,
Leaves from a forest that fell to and fro,
But bring to mind those sweet memories
Of the past, twenty years ago.”

It was a bright, sunshiny morning, though very cold, when we left the Springs. The long day’s journey

was tiresome and uneventful. We arrived at Memphis about dark, the train being late. The night was dark and cold considering it being farther South. We went to a nearby hotel and after supper we were soon comfortable in our warm room. It was still real cold the next morning. Around the water tanks the icicles hung dazzling in the sunlight like prisms, forming a very pretty sight. Soon we were on our journey towards Birmingham, Alabama. All went well for a few miles when all at once the train came to a standstill. There was a wrecked train ahead of us. For a time the train backed, at a very slow rate, again reminding us of "the slow train through Arkansas." After miles of backing they reached another road and in a very roundabout way proceeded to again get started to Birmingham. We were just six hours late, but of course had to be reconciled to the situation. The day went by and the night approaching; twelve o'clock found the train running into Birmingham, and still very cold and the wind blowing a gale. Hurriedly we, again wishing to get in a warm place, took a nearby hotel and soon we were comfortable indeed. We had planned a few days' stay in the city as it was the first time we had ever been in Birmingham. The next day was so cold that we were kept indoors at the hotel. Discussing the cold situation we came to the conclusion that the sooner we got to Sunny Florida the better as it was no time to consider sightseeing. That night, the first time for years that we had traveled at night, we

were fortunate enough to get two berths together and to get to bed quite early and had a good night's rest.

We landed at Jacksonville the next day about noon, and what a change in the atmosphere; so warm and balmy. It was not, however, till the forenoon of the 17th of November that we reached Bowling Green. Mrs. Brown, my near neighbor and friend, who was expecting us, prepared us a lovely noonday lunch, and would have us dine with them, which we enjoyed immensely.

Again another sad scene was in store for us. The only child of Mrs. Ethel Jones, a widow and friend of mine, died the same afternoon of our return, a boy of thirteen summers. The public sorrow was great and general for the heartbroken mother. A life cut off in its prime; another mysterious act of God's Providence which is past finding out. We found the friends of Bowling Green the same generous and hospitable as in days of yore and all apparently glad to see us and have us back with them. I have from the first held these dear friends with great love and appreciation. In truth my heart all the while swelled with great pleasure at their recognition and kind reception of our presence.

The remaining part of the last Fall month has gone by. Christmas has passed, thence we all look forward and yield to Winter although here in Sunny Florida we have but little Winter. As yet the flowers are blooming and the rich golden fruit still hanging on the trees. However the natural year of 1920 has

ended. When Christmas has passed in this climate it is useless to try to make believe that it is really Winter, with flowers blooming and no snow to remind us that Winter has begun. We only know Winter as the seasons come and go by.

“ ’Tis now mid-February in our sunny land,
Our land of vines and flowers,
Growing wildly in our woodlands,
Woven deftly in our blowers.

“And thus, O! fair Florida,
When the golden hours flit by,
We hail those bright sunny days,
With gladness from the clear blue sky.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Alas! how fast the Winter and Spring of 1921 passed by, but with nothing of any interest out of the ordinary until June; the heat came early and increased with each long bright sunshiny day that stretched its length farther and farther into the shadows of the evening. Then June with its never failing hours gliding by with such flight as a reminder that the time was at hand when a change of air and scenes was fast approaching; we must get ready for our Summer outing. We left our home at Bowling Green on the 29th of June; again we spent the night at Jacksonville, boarding the train quite early the next morning. The second night was spent in Columbia, South Carolina. Mrs. R. L. Sealey, of Bowling Green, our friend and neighbor, accompanied us which added to the pleasure of our journey. We had a very delightful trip and arrived in Hendersonville, North Carolina, the third day after our departure from Bowling Green.

Hendersonville, termed the "Land of the sky," is a most delightful Summer Resort, situated on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We arrived there the first day of July. The climate truly is most pleasant; so cool. Even the midday sun is not so disagreeably warm, especially for us Florida people, who are so accustomed to the intense heat of the south. We

were very pleasantly located and met such lovely people from different states and some from foreign countries. I had the pleasure of meeting and forming the acquaintance of a lady who was from London, England. It was her home in London that the Germans demolished when the first bomb fell from their aeroplane on the city of London.

The 4th of July we spent out in the park where they had quite a patriotic celebration. The city has a very nice park and other places of interest; pretty springs of clear flowing water. We spent the month of July so pleasantly there, driving and walking. Really when the time came for us to leave we were loath to depart. I had formed many new acquaintances and some I regretted to separate from. I have never been to a place that I did not form many good friends and with some I have kept up a correspondence for years.

We then came on to Big Stone Gap, Virginia, a small city of some historic interest. It was then the first of August. I was aware of the fact that I had a cousin living there, who had married a gentleman by the name of Carnes. I, of course, looked them up and called at their home. I had never met her, however, before. For a short time I kept from her my identity, when I finally made known to her who I was. It was a very touching introduction. We, of course, had much to converse about this being our very first meeting and we both are now far past middle life. She was the third daughter of my Uncle, W. H. Martin, of Jones-

ville, Virginia (named Emma). Her husband, William Carnes, is a splendid man and husband. From the first time I met him, I was favorably impressed with his kind and gentlemanly manner. After retiring, it was long past midnight. The past and present mingled together, and brought about thoughts of the many years that had glided by and we also ignorant of each other, almost ignorant of our very existence; then suddenly the whole scene changed completely; the reality of the present pleasure of seeing and knowing some of them personally surely brought about a feeling of gratitude that I could not express. I then fell asleep to awake in the early morning with thoughts of my father's family. All, one by one, have fallen and each in turn has entered the land of spirits and only a very few of us, their descendants, are left. I found living there other cousins, besides my Cousin, Emma Carnes, also a niece of hers, Mrs. Dr. Baker, and while there we met some of our friends whom we had known in other days, which made our sojourn twofold more pleasant.

Mrs. Harold Hatcher, now living at Big Stone Gap, invited us to join her and some of her relatives and friends in an auto trip to Norton, Virginia, a distance of about fourteen miles. We had a fine drive and an advantage of seeing some of the picturesque scenery that is so historical that surrounds the noted country. It surely was a nice trip and how I prize such scenes where nature has made an impenetrable barrier on either side of the pretty green valley that nestles

below those high mountains. Some of those lovely scenes pointed out to us were taken and put on the moving picture screen, that is used in the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," one of the books written by John Fox, Jr., the Kentucky writer and novelist. His home is at Big Stone Gap, where he died a few months since. We are in debt to Mrs. Hatcher for that delightful day. We also are so grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Hamblen (nee Octava Hatcher), who took us in her touring car a number of times, which enabled us to see quite a bit of the surrounding country. These dear friends we have known and loved for years; it was a treat to meet them again. We were there almost two weeks with those lovely relatives and friends which will bring pleasant memories to my mind as long as my memory shall last.

We then left for Kentucky, our old home at Prestonsburg, where we were received with a warm welcome of love as in other days, and are now pleasantly situated at the home of my husband's brother, Sam, and good wife, and we surely have found a warm reception from other relatives and dear friends.

We had not, since our arrival the middle of August, been to visit my brother's family at Paintsville, so on Friday last we boarded the train for the promised visit. There, too, we were met with love and a hearty welcome from my brother and his good wife, whom I had not had the pleasure of seeing since last September. We spent a few days with them. Our time being somewhat limited we decided to return to Pres-

tonsburg on the 20th of September, 1921, and found an invitation awaiting us from my sister for dinner. We were hurried off to her home with no thought that anything out of the ordinary was being enacted at our brother's home. After a delicious dinner was served at my sister's it was suggested that we return to our headquarters; still no thought was aroused in my mind as to the preparation that was being made to give us such a delightful surprise party. Before reaching the home I discerned the massive front porch filled with guests, and upon entering I was greeted with wishes for many, many more happy wedding anniversaries. Then it dawned upon me that it was our 28th wedding anniversary and that the dear relatives and friends had planned to give us the pleasant surprise party. I, of course, had to cry for joy to know I had such love and good wishes from them all, and how mindful they were of our real enjoyment; how my heart swelled with gratitude. The presents were so beautiful as well as useful, consisting of linens, silver and cut glass and many other things too numerous to mention. I will just here give a copy as it appeared in the *Prestonsburg Post*, as follows:

SURPRISE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Tuesday, September 20, 1921, a very pleasant wedding anniversary party was given by Mrs. S. P. Davidson and Mrs. George T. Roberts at their home on Main Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davidson's 28th wedding anniversary. Those present were: Mrs.

G. C. Davis, Mrs. N. M. White, Sr., Mrs. S. Nunnery, Mrs. James Jones, Mrs. James Goble, Mrs. Thomas May, Mrs. Henry B. Patrick, Mrs. Ella Ferguson, Mrs. Belle C. Gardner, Mrs. Lizzie Maynard, Mrs. Burns Johnson, Mrs. B. F. Combs, Mrs. W. T. Bradley, Mrs. I. T. Ford, Mrs. Belle Richmond, Mrs. B. P. Friend, Mrs. E. P. Arnold, Mrs. Walter Scott Harkins, Jr., Mrs. N. M. White, Jr., Mrs. James Clark, Mrs. W. H. Layne, Mrs. Joseph D. Harkins, Mrs. Grace D. Ford, Mrs. David C. Richmond, Mrs. J. P. Salisbury, Mrs. C. W. Alley, Mrs. A. J. May, Mrs. Martin Leete, Mrs. Alice Turner, Mrs. Miranda Maars, Mrs. W. R. Callihan, Mrs. I. Richmond, Mrs. Jo. M. Davidson, Mrs. Josie D. Harkins, Mrs. T. R. May, Mrs. C. P. Stephens, Mrs. C. W. May, Mrs. Sam Spradlin, Mrs. A. L. Davidson, Mrs. W. B. Burke, Mrs. G. P. Archer, Mrs. C. L. Hutsinpillar, Mrs. F. Cottrell, Mrs. T. O. Burchett, Mrs. Elizabeth Wells, Mrs. R. H. Leete, Mrs. Ed. Ford, Misses Josephine May, Minerva Friend and Josephine Harkins.

A beautiful and touching tribute was given by Mrs. W. B. Burke, as follows:

"I have never wished more for eloquence than now, that I might express to you, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, our love and best wishes on this happy occasion. In the beginning God created the earth and all of the beautiful things in it, and then he made man, a princely triumph. But he saw that something was lacking and so in his wisdom he created woman. Then for man the sun shone brighter, the birds sang sweeter and the

flowers were more beautiful. Twenty-eight years ago to-day God gave you this woman. You were made two selves with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one; together you set sail upon the sea of matrimony, with love as the pilot of your craft. Love like electricity is manifest, but undefinable; it is the great ruling passion of our lives. But that is not all. We must have friends; as you know friendship is not a plant of hasty growth, but as you look in the smiling faces of these friends, who have gathered here, you see the plant has flowered to perfection. My friends, when the twilight of life is gathering round you, and together you have happy memories of the past, I trust that memory will paint for you in colors that never fade as sweet a picture of these friends who have gathered to do you honor to-day as she will paint for us of you. We have come as did the wise men of old with gifts for you and we wish that you will have twenty-eight years more of wedded happiness and that God will crown you with his richest blessings."

The presents given by the guests were both handsome and useful, consisting of cut glass, silver, linens, and other things too numerous to mention.

The home was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and ferns. Delicious refreshments were served, consisting of a salad course, iced tea and mints, by the hostess, assisted by Misses Inez Cottrell, Douglas and Mary E. Davidson, and Mrs. James M. Davidson. After a delightful social hour the guests departed wishing them many more happy wedding anniversaries.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I have planted; I have cultivated, and now I have almost reached the end of the row. How time flies to those of middle age! How exceedingly fast it flies to the aged! Glancing back over my past life and what I have written it seems but the scattered remembrance of only a few short years. These days, months and years have hastened away with such flight, like the shadow of a cloud across a still valley, or a dreamy vision of past events, all so scattered but yet so real. A great advantage was given me, however. I have always had exceedingly good health which has been to me quite a blessing. Of course I have had some afflictions that may have been brought to bear in my life, and are but for a moment and "Worketh for me an exceedingly and eternal weight of glory."

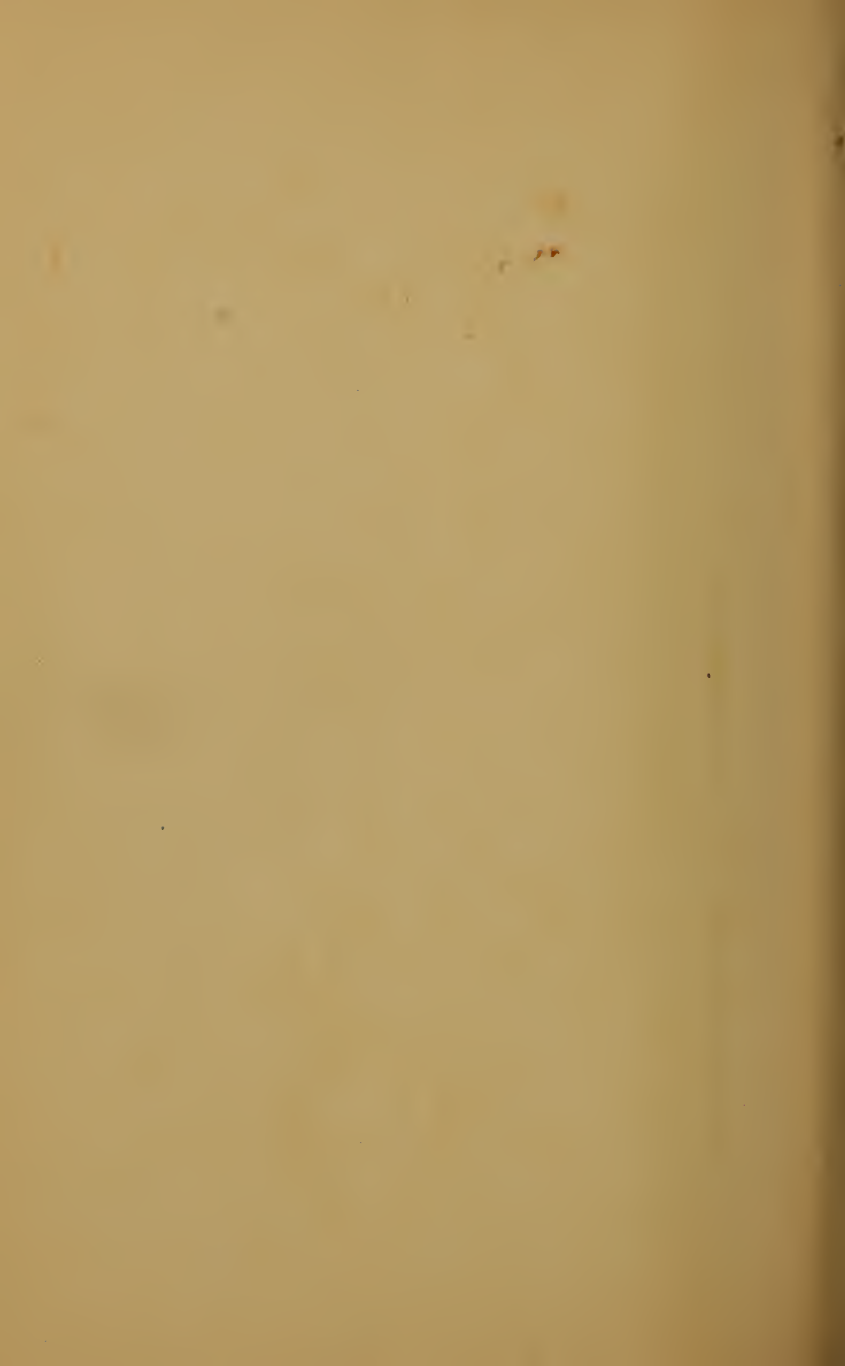
I return to my aunt who so kindly gave me a home and assumed the responsibility of raising me after the death of my parents, in my early childhood. She taught me that there were two great advantages in living. One the value of time, the other the proper use of it. However I realized from my own experience, too, that the time God has given us all is too precious to fritter away in a careless and thoughtless way. I have been made to realize that a responsibility rests upon me to

an extent in this life. It means much to live. I cannot recall the writer to my mind at present who said, "The time was when we were not; now we are, and there never will be a time again when we shall not be." We shall always exist somehow, somewhere, some place. These are wonderful thoughts to me. These are lessons I have from my early youth to the present time tried to carry into effect to the very best of my ability, but I, like many others I presume, have made failures and fallen short to an extent, but the failures have been attributed more to the head than the heart. I cannot say that I have passed through my life on "Flowery beds of ease," neither has it been sailing under fair skies nor passing across tranquil seas. "Through many toils and snares I have already come." I have had stormy days and I have had still ones. Some have been so dark that the shadows have almost overwhelmed me with their gloom, then the darkness would clear away and again the sunshine burst forth. Many have been the changes. If I should write all that has come into my life I could fill another volume of the unpleasant things that I have endured, but I leave this off and only wish I could obliterate them from memory. I realize that it takes the bitter to go with the sweet to make up a life here. I am just writing the bright side of my life. I have had many wearisome days and sorrowful nights; nights of fears and anxiety, and have shed bitter tears to relieve an aching heart. I realize after all there is weariness that cannot be prevented. It will come on us. "In all of

our lives some rain must fall; some days must be dark and dreary."

I have also learned by personal experience that money is insufficient to give its possessor many real pleasures in this life, for the real pleasures of life are not exclusively material and we should fully consider this fact before we actually crack the shell of life. To be able in old age to look back upon a life of industry and to find in its records nothing to regret; to possess a mind keenly alive to the obedience and love of our Divine Master, and to be at peace with Him in regard to the future into which we pass, "when the silver cord be loosened or the golden bowl be broken." With the advancement of age fast falling upon me brings to me the full realization of this fact, and to know that God has been exceptionally mindful of me in sparing me to the present time. I realize the fact that I must each day live more consecrated in his service, feeling that he has something more for me to do or that my life work is not yet finished or else he would have, ere this, snapped the brittle thread of my life and I hope to be of service in His cause even yet and patiently work and wait and be submissive to His will and "wait 'till my change comes."

THE END.



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